

# The TATLER

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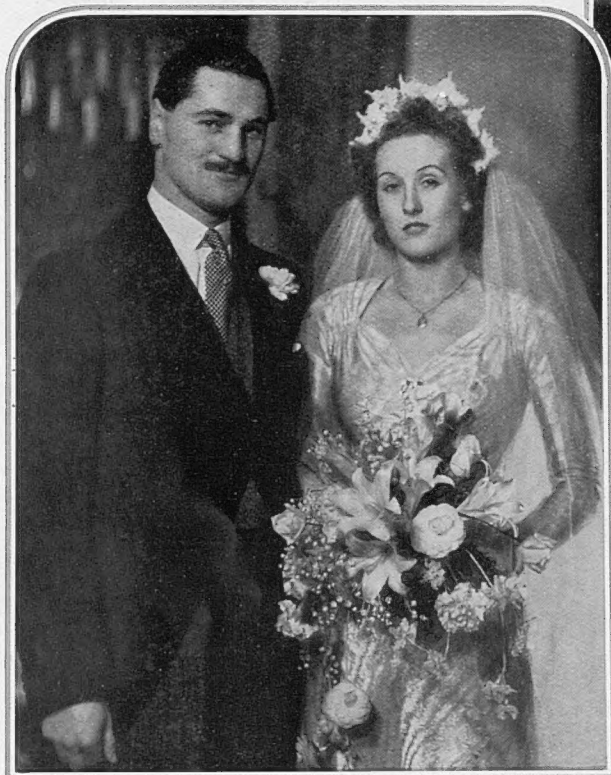
"Anthony," Cromwell Price

## VIVIEN LEIGH IN "GONE WITH THE WIND"

This beautiful English actress is taking the part of Scarlett O'Hara in the film version of Margaret Mitchell's famous book. Vivien Leigh is also in a page of Hollywood snapshots in another part of this paper. It is said that Clark Gable is playing the male lead as Rhett Butler, but things are at present in a very elementary stage



## And the World said—



MR. PATRICK POLE-CAREW AND HIS BRIDE

The marriage took place last week of the younger son of Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and the late Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew to Miss Sonia Quilter at the Guards Chapel. The bride, who was a bridesmaid to her sister, Miss Zoe Quilter, only a fortnight previously, is the youngest daughter of Sir Cuthbert and the Hon. Lady Quilter, and a cousin of Lord Penrhyn. Mr. Pole-Carew, like his brother, Captain Sir John Pole, is in the Coldstream Guards

THAT sanity consists of sharing one's neighbour's hallucinations is true enough, but when one's neighbour practises "Noël" on a mouth-organ from Chicago to the end of the trail (where I hope he drowns it in the Pacific), there is some excuse for manslaughter. I have not seen this musical occupant of the next compartment, but have christened him "George" because he sometimes goes to lunch—blessed respite. His carol woke me early and then the darkie attendant, wearing starched white coat and ivory smile, brought the Denver daily paper with the orange juice and let up the shade (American for blind), on the plains of Colorado; miles and miles of yellowish emptiness under a



LORD AND LADY HARCOURT

A supper interval snapshot at the Radcliffe Infirmary Joint Hospital and South Oxfordshire Hunt combined Ball, an annually noteworthy three-in-one dance party. Lady Harcourt was this year's president, and happily received many of the 350 guests who enlivened Oxford's Town Hall. Lord Harcourt, whose place, Nuneham Park, is a few miles from the seat of dark blue learning, had his Eton education finished off at "The House." His wife is Lord Ebury's sister

ghostly coating of snow; like a Dali picture without the household utensils as erotic symbols of his dreams. Not a soul, not a chimney, hour after hour, but sometimes small dark horses grouped in unconsciously beautiful patterns, cropping at nothing in the

nothingness of space, and presently the queer earth-coloured hills of New Mexico, each no higher than a cliff and flat-topped as a sarcophagus, rising abruptly from the endless scrub; then leagues of stunted pine and pinkish grass, between cardboard stations with Spanish names. For this streamline train, called *The Super-Chief*, with its lounge, cocktail bar, recreation car (where the children play), observation car and Ritz cuisine (but no hairdresser—one up to the L.M.S.), follows the old Santa Fé trail into the setting sun. It is thrilling, like reading *The Last of the Mohicans* for the first time, aged ten, when everything was twopence coloured. In black and white the *Rocky News* says Mr. Chamberlain's Government has promised a bomb proof shelter to every inhabitant of the British Isles. At this safe distance no wonder the news is in small print; no wonder the majority of Americans think Europe suffers from persecution mania and the jitters. A Scandinavian-American remarked at



IRISH AMATEURS IN A COWARD PLAY

Mr. David Haldane Porter, as Bobbie, and Miss Mary Lillis, as Evangeline, in *I'll Leave It to You*, given by members of the Meath and Kildare Hunts on three nights of last week at Oaklands, Mrs. Wisdon Hely's house at Rathgar, in aid of the Working Boys' Club, Dublin, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables. In an all round good show big hits were made by Sir Haldane Porter's son and Miss Lillis. The latter is a daughter of the late Mr. Frank Lillis, a famous Irish polo player

Poole, Dublin

dinner: "All Scandinavians here and in Europe know how to mind their own business and keep out of trouble." He opines that Great Britain, if sufficiently provoked by Germany, will land the world in another war, and while he thinks, like millions here, "Germany is acting terribly," there is an underlying implication that we too are trouble makers. It is difficult for a stranger in these parts to combat this point of view with arguments which mean anything west of New York; the possession of the Empire being in itself a source of potential trouble and, paraphrasing Mr. Eden in his long New York speech, "Certain pages in our rough island story do not bear looking into very closely." We have been pretty foxy in building up our trade, to use an Americanism, but not until America's trade and prestige are hit below the belt by Nazi propaganda and competition in South America will she share our "hallucinations." The Yellow Peril might have made us active naval allies, but America is no longer very worried about Japan. Nothing worries her for long, not even the New Deal. She conquers recurrent indigestion with illimitable resiliency, continuing to guy herself and everybody else. The best guying going is the fake film in *Hell-a-Poppin'*, a crazy musical-hall burlesque, not one-tenth as crazy, or well produced as the Palladium shows (George Black would shudder at its ugly, ill-kempt chorus), yet everyone from chinchillas to rabbits pack it nightly, chiefly for this movie prologue which shows Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini and Roosevelt making speeches, larded with characteristic gestures (taken from genuine newsreels) while crazy American nonsense pours out of their mouths. The effect is *tordant*, as the French say, and chinchillas seen enjoying it included Mrs. "Billy" Fiske, who was Lady Warwick, and her "house guest," Mrs. Bernard Rubin, whose next Simpson sister married Lord Burgh's



AT THE MARJORIE SCHIELE AND ROBERT GIBBINGS' EXHIBITION

The Princess Andrew of Russia who opened this exhibition of paintings by these two artists at the Stafford Gallery, St. James's Place, talking to Prince Kessie of Ashanti, his country's representative in this country. Marjorie Schiele is of the impressionist school and Robert Gibbings is now famous as an underwater painter and naturally works in a diving suit

pictures. I am picking up the jargon; they are never "movies" on the principle that the fowl on the menu is breast of chicken under oyster with *suprême* sweet potatoes and *macédoine* of cucumber in sunshine fritters. Everything being epic-epic makes less sense than a silly symphony. I admire the few who stay sane and simple in an affected bally-hoo of jealousies and crying disappointments. Lord Warwick, for one. No longer the playboy of St. Moritz winters, though just as lovable, he is one hundred per cent patriotic like nearly all those who work abroad. He was sitting in his sunny garden by a banana tree wearing a tweed jacket and an H.B. tie reading up the situation in Europe prior to lecturing on the British point of view. He does this voluntary work

for his country, and is up to the neck in the Los Angeles United Services Club and other valuable links—a credit to uncle Anthony Eden. This was refreshing after my first forty-eight hours of talkie-talkie about pictures, with an occasional reference to the iniquities of Mr. Chamberlain who, in Hollywood's view, should have started a Holy War on behalf of the Jews. When I said, "You mean the Czechs, don't you?" my chaperon put his foot down on mine, subsequently explaining that mum's the word, because Britons are suspected of Fascist or Nazi sympathies. Did you ever hear such rot? I nearly blotted my copy book on the day I arrived at Palm Springs by wanting to photograph Leni Riefenstahl, who made the Olympic Games film for the Führer. I was told she is "bad news" in Hollywood, and was asked whether she is "good news" in England, to which my answer was that "a pretty woman and a fine ski-er is always 'good news' chez nous." *Vive le sport.*

Soon the snow mountains above Palm Springs will be accessible to ski-ers. What a heavenly little place! I advise anyone going to California for the first time not to begin there as I did because the townied atmosphere of Hollywood, Los Angeles, Pasadena (that old foxtrot), Beverly Hills, Culver City and West Los Angeles ("six suburbs in search of a city" as J. B. Priestley said brilliantly) is an anti-climax after savouring luxury in the desert. Handsome outdoor-actor "Charlie" Farrell presides over Palm Springs Racquet Club between



MISS LAURA MORTON GRENFELL

Pearl Freeman

A 1939 débutante who is to be presented by her mother—Mrs. Arthur Morton Grenfell. One of Miss Grenfell's sisters married Lord Waldegrave in 1930. She herself departs almost at once for Sestrière on a winter sporting expedition

brother, "Jock" Leith, last year. Meanwhile Lord Warwick is in Hollywood where he has had numerous small parts but is showing increasing interest in production; he has had an offer of a job on that side, which would be a feather in his hat if he wore one because Englishmen are rated as knowing rather less than nothing about making motion



LORD COWDRAY AND LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Their engagement was announced in the middle of last week. The bride-elect is Lord and Lady Bradford's younger daughter. Lord Cowdray is non-playing captain of our international polo side and so presumably will have to be on the wing for America very soon

## And the World said—(continued)



Balman

## MARRIED AT NORTH BERWICK

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Butler at their wedding reception. The bride, formerly Miss Julia Dutton, is the elder daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton and of the Hon. Mrs. Dutton, and a niece of Lord Sherborne. Another uncle, Sir Duncan Hay, gave her away. Mr. Bertram Butler is Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Butler's second son

the chapparal is a thing to do, also tennis at the Racquet Club, bathing in El Mirador's svelegant pool; bicycling to shops in the only main street, where costume varies from shorts to jeans (worn, if you will, with Western hats bought from a party with a mobile shop in a trailer called "El Sombrero"); making excursions to canyons or just sitting in select company (Garbo) at "Eddie" Goulding's Little White House, which is a cluster of cottages built into the rockside. Nothing is just what it sounds; least of all screen singers. Their voices are amplified. Didn't you know? I hate to destroy illusions, but mine about Hollywood have gone, although my line is that I expected it to look like Slough, and it does. The aura of grand illusion remains, although the studios have moved miles away and stars live at Bel Air (a hilly Wentworth-cum-super-Cannes estate), Beverley Hills, and other *banlieux* as far apart as, say, Radlett and Purley. Hollywood is only a name, and a mess. But the sun shines warmly in the middle of the day; the houses tucked up the hillsides are often most attractive with palms and pools (especially Ginger Rogers's on top of the hill), and some of the people are interesting and most hospitable. An example is George Cukor, who is directing *Gone With the Wind*. This movie mogul has taste; his Renoir is a jewel, his house full of charmers like Constance Collier, ever-chic Isabel Jeans who is off to London to do a play, lovely little Vivien Leigh, glittering Ina Claire, gentle Rowland Leigh, silent Laurence Olivier (whose hair is long for *Wuthering Heights*), far-from-silent Rex Evans whose punch parties on his patio have a gay and Gallic simplicity, rare, I imagine, in this conglomeration of commercial chi-chi, and erstwhile actor Tom Douglas, who has put on stones since putting "Fata Morgana" behind him and becoming the most successful decorator in these parts. The most popular of good fellows (known to his family as "P.O.B. Squire") is Nigel or "Willy" Bruce, who likes being the fatuous ass Dr. Watson after playing the incomparably witty W. S. Gilbert in New York. His "Must see Jenkins about the young pheasants" line fascinates Hollywood, where both Bruces with their simple home life and pretty schoolgirl

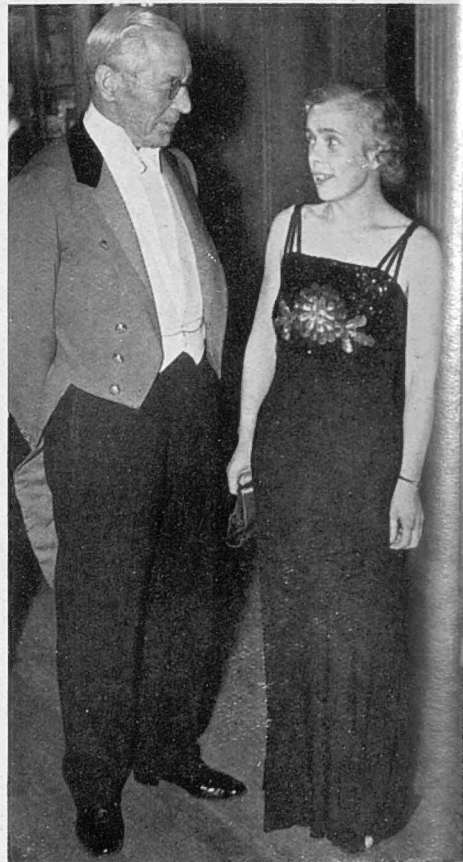
pictures. He motored eighty miles to meet my train, but that means nothing in California, where the average driver averages two hundred miles a day between business, home and calls. The distances remind me of the Highland soldier arriving at Euston in the war, who asked: "Is the toon far frae the station?" Palm Springs (where there are very few palms and only one spring) is way up in the mountains a hundred and forty miles from Hollywood. The fudge to henna-coloured desert with its puckered hills (still a mystery to geologists) looks like a floodlit backcloth to a Western "drammer"; the air is vigorous and so are the cowboys, to be found around the stables where the bar room is decorated Cherokee and sing-songs last far into the starlight. Riding over

daughters (who invited the sons of Victor McLaglen and Lawrence Tibbett to a sub-deb. New Year party) are unique. "Willy's" cricket begins in April and ends conventionally in September, although there is no reason why they should not play all year round except "it would not be the thing o' boy." His collection of framed caricatures (some from THE TATLER) includes a Garrick Club gem of Ernest Thesiger, saying: "Wasn't Massine wonderful?" and Aubrey Smith answering: "They ought to have played Hendren."

And now back in Europe, where the most cosmopolitan of the Western Oberland resorts is Gstaad, which is noted for its chalet life and its Winter Palace, where guests are invited to cinema shows twice weekly; tailing parties before dinner; and some typical old Swiss farm and dance competitions, among other amusements. Recent visitors to this resort include Lord Michelham, who is one of its regulars; the U.S. Minister in Berne, Mr. Leland Harrison, *en famille*, and Comtesse Henri de Castellane. But if you are a beginner or an expert Kandersteg—the resort which is endeavouring to become the centre of British ice hockey—is right for you. After ski-ing, or trying to, all day the Kander Bar is THE place to foregather for eating and dancing until the early hours. This popular *rendezvous* was designed and is supervised by the well-known Kandersteg *hôte*, Herr Trog, whose Schweizerhof boasts one of the best *chefs* in the Oberland. However, if you are taking the children, they will like Adelboden and particularly the children's afternoons at the Nevada Palace and the sleigh ride to the ski-ing fields half an hour away.

From London I hear every one is saying that Harlem has come to town at the Florida, where Adelaide Hall's *Darktown Revue* is having the success it enjoyed at "The Big Apple" in the rue Pigalle. Among those looking the darkies over recently were Miss Susan Fremantle, wearing a live snake as necklace (there was great consternation when it slipped off); Lord Dalhousie's brother, Mr. Simon Ramsay (since sailed to India), with Miss Nancy Malcolmson, daughter of Mr. Vernon Malcolmson, the Squire of Aston Bury—these two danced to the "magic" organ which forms part of the negro band. Miss Mary Charteris, sister of the Ladies Long and O'Neill, and Lady Elizabeth Townshend in a dress of ivory and gold.

More home news tells of the recent wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Grace Stirling-Homedrummond-Moray (daughter of Captain William Drummond-Moray, the 20th Laird of Abercairny) to Captain J. F. Wilkins of 9th Foot now quartered at Gibraltar, for which the bride wore a dress of gold and silver brocade with a train of family lace. At the reception in Cadogan Square I saw the Duke and Duchess of Atholl with his brother Lord James Stewart-Murray, who was an usher at the church; Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray, sister-in-law of the bride, very handsome in dark brown; the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Mary Abel-Smith.



## IN SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN

Sir Archibald Flower talking to Miss J. Pitt at the Stratford-upon-Avon Hospital Ball, held at the Welcombe Hotel. Miss Pitt is Matron of this excellently run hospital, which has Sir "Archie" Flower, uncrowned King of Stratford, as its chairman.

More pictures of this event in next week's issue.

# SOME GLIMPSES OF

# LONDON O' NIGHTS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. BLACKWELL  
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CAPTAIN GORDON HALSEY AND  
LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND



ALSO MISS SUSAN FREMANTLE  
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MISS SARAH NORTON, MR. PARKER BOWLES, HIS FIANCEE, MISS ANN  
DE TRAFFORD AND LORD STANLEY AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



AT CIRO'S : MR. VICTOR MALCOLM  
AND MRS. GERALD GLOVER



LORD AND LADY NORMANTON  
PATRONIZING QUAGLINO'S

In spite of all temptation to depression by the recommendation to store up toothsome tins of bully beef and such-like things, we still try to keep our tails curled up right over our backs, and herewith some evidence of the fact for both home and foreign consumption. The camera scored its biggest inner when it shot Miss Susan Fremantle, because her necklace is a real live little snake! She is a daughter of the late Hon. Sir Charles Fremantle, and hence a kinswoman of Lord Cottesloe. The Florida where Miss Fremantle and all the other people in the pictures at the top were flash-lighted, is showing a coloured revue, produced by Adelaide Hall, who made a great success of her *boîte* in Paris. Miss Ann de Trafford, daughter of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, is to be married on February 14 to Mr. Parker Bowles, who is a kinsman of the House of Macclesfield. Lord Stanley, in the same group, is now heir to his grandfather, Lord Derby. The Hon. Daphne Pearson is (at present) the only unmarried sister of Lord Cowdray for portrait of whom, and his recently betrothed Lady Anne Bridgeman, see another page. Mr. Victor Malcolm, who was amongst the gay throng at *Ciro's*, on an extension night, is the spouse of that clever actress, Miss Ann Todd, who gave us such an admirable performance in *She Too Was Young* at Wyndham's not so very long ago.



AT CIRO'S : THE HON. DAPHNE PEARSON  
AND MR. HOLLAND-MARTIN

# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## "The Mikado"

AS I sat watching the film of *The Mikado* at the Leicester Square Theatre I could not help wondering what the authors would have made of it. I can imagine that the venture might have obtained the consent of Sullivan with his generous mind and large discourse, looking before and after in the matter of millions who would not otherwise know his tunes. Gilbert, no! For Gilbert was the soul of punctiliousness, and the soul of punctilio is meanness. Therefore, had the pair been alive to-day we may be sure that the opera would not have been filmed. Spenslow would have been willing, but not Jorkins. On another head I have more sympathy with Gilbert than most. He was not out to write large fluid dramas. Generations of actors can tamper with *Hamlet* without harming the play. But tamper with any of Gilbert's hard, gem-like dramalogues and you ruin them. He knew exactly how he wanted each part to be played, and was utterly impatient of any interpretation except his own. I understand that perfectly.

Gilbert's attitude towards his actor was that of the painter who says to his engraver: "Engrave me, and leave yourself out of it! Give me my first impression, and not your second-hand impression!" That is why these operas have never called for actors and actresses of any grade; what they have demanded has been first-rate copyists. Now, to copy a thing is to stick as close to it as possible, and to adapt a play to the screen is to get as far away from it as possible. Therefore, in principle this adaptation was bound to fail.

In practice it fails in a way which the age is too vulgar to perceive, and that I should perceive it is an exquisite tribute to my fastidiousness! In the opera you saw before you two painted sets—the courtyard of Ko-Ko's palace and Ko-Ko's garden. Outside lay Japan, and the whole gist of the thing was the witty evocation of that Japan. The opera was therefore a masterpiece of what I shall call Japonaiserie. But take the camera outside those settings and give it Japan itself to feed on, and what becomes of evocation? It is the difference between having a remover's van in the mind's eye, and the same van at your front door. The film, in short, becomes a masterpiece of Japonaiserie, or Japan reduced to terms of *niaiserie*, a joke exquisite enough to have solaced Ko-Ko in his threatened last moments. And then again, there is that dreadful colour nonsense. I just do not believe that even in Japan nothing hits the eye except apricot and powder-blue, or that that country looks like almond dragées drenched in maraschino.

As for the recording of the music, I shall merely say that it is too good. I, personally, do not associate Sullivan with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, twenty-four first fiddles and all the rest of it. I don't believe that playing of this brilliance was ever heard at the Savoy in Gilbert and Sullivan's day. Here is the place for a confession. I never heard any of the operas at its heyday at the Savoy. The first in my experience was *The Yeomen of the Guard*, performed by a touring company at Scarborough with the usual "reinforced" orchestra, and it has been in my mind ever since that Sullivan's scores are really scores for seaside orchestras, reinforced like their own promenades. Nobody minds very much if in the theatre the overtures drown a buzz of excited anticipation, whereas in the film we must sit like the Queen's Hall audience at its primmest.

There was an exasperating prologue, presumably to explain to the unlettered what the opera was about, and in the course of it Nanki-Poo stole the first verse of Yum-Yum's "The Sun Whose Rays!" In the result we got Mr. Kenny Baker, an American young gentleman from the Charm School, singing:

*I mean to rule the earth,  
As he the sky—  
We really know our worth,  
The sun and I!*

—a piece, the unknowing must have thought, of brazen, flatulent conceit on the part of that, to older eyes, epitome of modesty, Nanki-Poo. Think again how charmingly, when



MERLE OBERON AND LAURENCE OLIVIER IN "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

One of the grimmest of love stories ever written was Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* now in the process of being filmed by Samuel Goldwyn. Set in the wild northern moors, its story tells of three great loves, a strong, primitive hate, and two generations of emotion-swept people. For the heroine, Catherine, Merle Oberon has been chosen, and she fits the part very well. Laurence Olivier plays the sombre Heathcliff, and this part should give him a chance of showing the powerful acting, which made him so famous on the stage.

sung by Yum-Yum, this song fits into its place. It is the aria to the recitativo:

Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world. Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

In the last sentence there used to be the whole of Victorian wit, and ever was it followed by a little ripple in the audience. But what does the film trade care about elegant wit, so lamentably old fashioned in comparison with modern wisecracking?

As for the acting, I know and recognize nothing about Mr. Baker's performance. The sweet, cloying American accent, which Nanki-Poo was never meant to have, puts it out of court, and it is stretching generosity to its utmost to think that if ever I see Mr. Baker outside these operas I might like him very much. Nor can I forgive the cutting of "I've Got a Little List." It is this song, which is his first, that establishes Ko-Ko as the chief comedian. Take it away and the comic interest centres in Pooh-Bah, especially when Ko-Ko (poor Mr. Martyn Green) must do his diverting little dances in the corner of the screen instead of being allowed the full stage. As Pish-Tush, Mr. Gregory Stroud was permitted his one song, which he sang very well, but was ill-treated in the matter of his wig which made him look like a sweep's brush emerging from a chimney. The whole thing was pulled round a bit by Miss Jean Colin's Yum-Yum, I liked Miss Constance Willis's Katisha very much indeed, and as Pooh-Bah Mr. Sydney Granville was the most authentic feature of the film. But then, Mr. Granville was wise enough to give his theatrical performance and let them photograph it. Here Gilbert's wit came into its own, largely because it was very little truncated. Elsewhere what must we think of an adaptation which eliminated "There is Beauty in the Bellow of the Blast," and after allowing Ko-Ko his "Tit Willow" song deprived him of the line that condones its sentimentality: "I knew the bird intimately!"

I have no doubt that our young people will emerge from this film thinking they have acquired an intimate knowledge of those old birds, Gilbert and Sullivan. They haven't. What they have yet to learn is their wit and their charm, which cannot be divorced from the medium which they were exercised to fill.



THE STARS OF "STOLEN LIFE": ELISABETH BERGNER AND MICHAEL REDGRAVE

## VERY GALA PREMIÈRE

The "Stolen Life" first showing at the Plaza for Lord Baldwin's Fund



MRS. MICHAEL REDGRAVE AND LORD ERRINGTON, NEIGHBOURS AT THE PLAZA



LADY DIANA COOPER, A TRIFLE PENSIVE



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY ARRIVE



LADY BALDWIN AND MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD

Enchanting Elisabeth Bergner and her opposite number in *Stolen Life*, the now famous Michael Redgrave, made a personal appearance at the Plaza last Wednesday night, when a very distinguished audience had an early view of Margaret Kennedy's film version of K. Benes's notable novel. This première was for the special benefit of Lord Baldwin's Fund for Refugees and of the Appeal for German and Austrian Jewish Women and Children, launched by the Women's Committee. Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild is chairman of this latter committee and she and Lady Baldwin had every reason for mutual congratulations on the evening's financial result, which was not in the least affected by the pamphlet demonstrations with which a few misguided persons tried to interrupt proceedings. Early arrivals included a face-clad Lady Diana Cooper and the Charles Sweenys, she draped in wonderful silver foxes. Mrs. Michael Redgrave, whose husband is in such great request with film directors these days, had Lord and Lady Cromer's only son sitting beside her. As to *Stolen Life* itself—an Orion production which Paramount presents—the opinion appears to be unanimous that Elisabeth Bergner scores a veritable triumph in a picture which is bound to be immensely popular

Photographs: Swaabe



MRS. PAYNTER AND HER SON, GEORGE, AT THE BELVOIR PONY CLUB MEET

Some more of the young brigade who went to this tryst at Ancaster are pictured on another page in this issue. If young George eventually learns to ride as well as his gallant sire, Brigadier - General George Paynter, he will not do so badly. General and Mrs. Paynter live at Eaton in the heart of the Belvoir country

#### A Leicestershire Letter.

**S**CENT has not been too good this week and there have been no great hunts, though we have had some very enjoyable days.

The Cottesmore seem always to do well on Tuesdays this year, but the Belvoir have done very well on Saturdays in the Vale.

On Wednesday, from Burbages, an interminable coal train held up the field crossing the railway. Hounds thus got a good start and settled down quickly. They ran very fast up to Brentingby Wood, when there was a slight check which enabled the field to catch up. They then turned left handed as if for Melton Spinney and were finally run out of scent near Scalford. Sheepdogs probably saved this fox.

Later they started well from Newmans, but the hunt gradually got slower and collapsed after crossing the railway towards Thistleton.

Thursday was a day for the young entry of the Pony Clubs. The Belvoir had a children's meet at Ancaster, which resulted in a good hunt that was just the right pace for the children. The same afternoon the Quorn Master addressed the Quorn Pony Club at Craven Lodge, and they had tea and a cinema show afterwards.

The Quorn Friday Meet was at Thorpe Satchville. Adam's Gorse and Burrough Hill Wood were blank, but there were four or five foxes in Gartree. One of these gave quite a good, hunt through Great Dalby village, nearly back to Adam's Gorse. Later there was another goodish hunt from Ashby Pastures down towards the Twyford Brook and right handed back to Great Dalby, beyond which scent failed. Not a super day but quite enjoyable because it is such a good country to ride.

On Saturday neither Quorn nor Cottesmore could hunt owing to frost on Friday night. The Belvoir, however, postponed their meet for an hour and then brought off two nice hunts. The first was from Sherbrookes, almost entirely in Quorn country, over Hickling Standard and across to Kinoulton Wood, nearly to Owthorpe Borders.

The second hunt was from Hose Thorns to Harby Hills, not a great point but grand fun whilst it lasted.

## From the Shires and Provinces

#### From the Fernie.

**W**ith the country clear from frost and snow once again, we were able to hunt from Arnesby on Monday, where signs of flood water still remained both at the meet and on the low ground. A riderless horse opened the day by dashing through the assemblage of cars and mounted performers, and was just collared when entering the Old Cock Inn. After this hounds moved off to Wistow with a very large following of regulars and visitors. Our best coverts failed to respond. It was late in the afternoon when a fox was pushed out from Attfields, and after a tow-row over the Gilmorton country ran over the railway to Dunton and Cosby in Atherstone domains. Turning back, he was rolled over close to Ashby Magna. This redeemed a poor day. There were anxious moments at the railway

when two trains were seen approaching, but George, the whipper-in, managed to head hounds off in time. Bad luck befel one of our youthful followers whose horse was upturned in an open ditch and succumbed. Much sympathy to this young rider. It was good to see the Edmonstones hunting with us again. General and Mrs. Jack welcomed all at Kibworth on Thursday, when after the customary regalement they proceeded to the Sheepthorns and hounds finding instantly were well away over the big pastures bordering Carlton, Burton-Overy and Illston. They were unlucky to lose their fox near to Stretton, after ninety minutes, where motor cars had foiled progress. Another good hunt from Tamboro, circling the Billesdon area, finished at Noseley where the fox escaped. It was galloping on all day and the Pony



Photos: Howard Barrett

#### MORE OF THE YOUNG IDEA—WITH THE BEDALE

Lady Graham and her son, Jeremy, the day the famous Yorkshire pack met at Newby Hall, Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner's house. Lady Graham is the wife of Major Sir Guy Graham

Club members had a thrilling time. Myra, on her good cob, was well up at the finish of the first run when luncheon cases were in demand. The question of the Mastership is much in the minds of the hunting community at present. May the position soon be filled up.

#### From the Heythrop.

**O**n Monday, January 9th, we met at Churchill in driving drizzle, when Captain and Mrs. Loyd kindly refreshed the field, and if this type of grand hospitality can be obtained after passing through silver gates, what price the golden dittos? His Lordship was out, but was taking a busman's holiday. The acting conductor's voice left absolutely no doubt where the next stop was. Altogether it was a mackintosh Monday and, if the field gave off a pungent odour of heated rubber, the foxes displayed a minimum of B. O.

On Wednesday we met at Adderbury in our far north-eastern corner and had a really good day. Our first fox led us into what we believe is technically Warwickshire country, but as little hunted by them as the Matterhorn is by the Swiss. The fox of the evening hunt led us quite a dance: starting with a gallop with an occasional black bottom thrown in, we then broke into a more leisurely fox-trot, finally ending with a Lambeth Walk in the dark. On Friday, after a sharp frost, *mauvais* roads made it rather difficult to get to a *Mauvais* Moreton. Nevertheless there was quite a large crowd out, including several strangers, one of whom kicked the Rural Dean's wife: we cannot think that this lady was Wright. Another to come to grief was our Hon. Secretary's daughter who, collapsing in a ditch, gave us a Hutch and Judy Show.

(Continued on page 154)

LOOKING BACK: SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S HUNT BALL



FROM CHIRK CASTLE: THE HON. JAMES AND MRS. LINDSAY AND MRS. E. MOLLISON



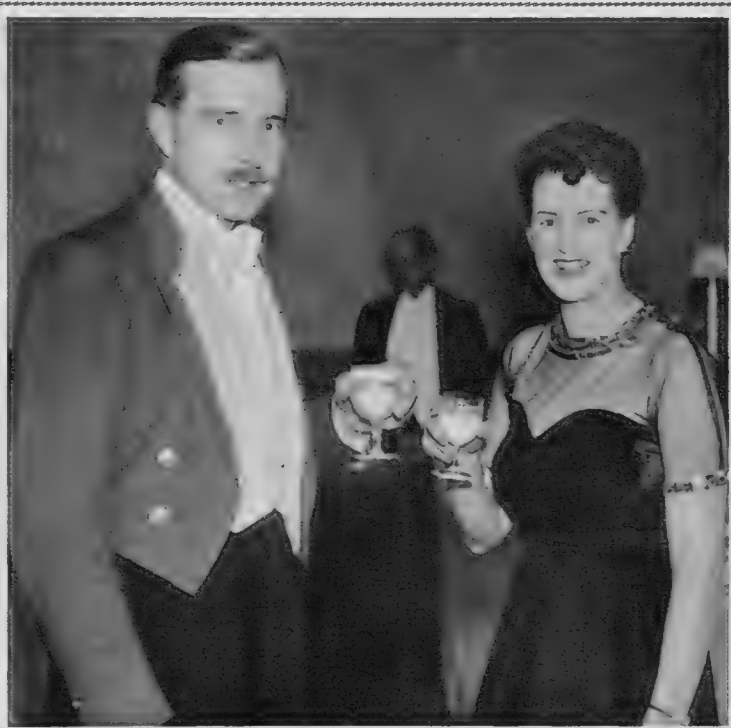
ADMIRAL F. A. MARTEN AND MRS. BRAITHWAITE, BOTH VERY OBVIOUSLY IN HEART



ALSO FROM CHIRK: MR. E. MOLLISON AND THE HON. ROSEMARY SCOTT-ELLIS



FROM GREDINGTON: MR. R. J. B. WALKER, LORD KENYON, MISS P. COODE AND MR. JOHN NEVILLE GOT TOGETHER BY THE BUFFET



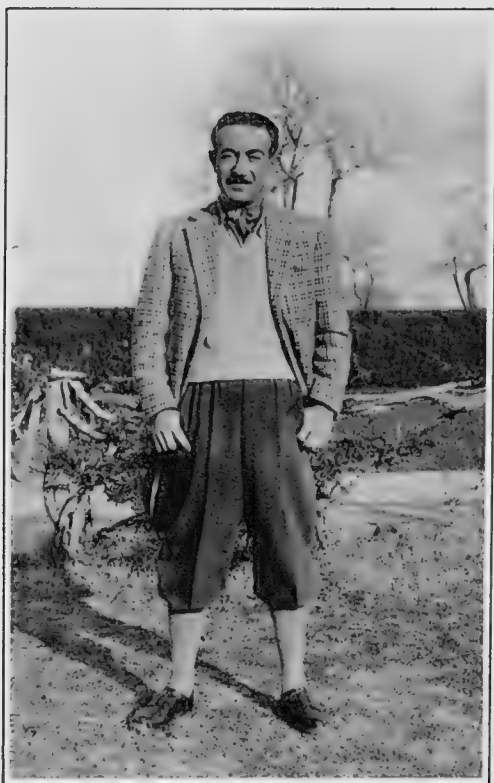
CAPTAIN G. R. D. MUSSON, K.S.L.I., AND MISS ELSPETH BAILEY, LORD GLANUSK'S COUSIN

Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hunt Ball got crowded out last week, but it is certainly a case of better late than never with such an important fixture. The Victoria Rooms, Oswestry, provided the setting, and the committee had taken great pains over the arrangements, which were first-rate. All the big houses and many smaller ones contributed parties. Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's contingent from Chirk Castle was particularly large, and included their eldest daughter, the Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay, and her husband; their youngest daughter, the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis, who is seventeen this year; and Mr. and Mrs. E. Mollison. Lord Kenyon was photographed with some of the guests he brought from his family place near Whitchurch; the Squire of Gredington, who came of age last year, is in the Shropshire Yeomanry. Admiral F. A. Marten, one of the most genial and popular of personalities, was joint-Master of the Cotswold for six seasons. He still lives in the Cotswold country. Captain Musson came over from the K.S.L.I. Depot at Shrewsbury, which is in South Shropshire country but within easy reach of the southern part of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's. Sir Watkin, aged seventy-eight, and one of the most notable sporting figures of our time, has been Master of his family pack since he was twenty-five. Sir Charles Lowther is deputy Master

Photographs: Truman Howell

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



MR. MICHAEL ARLEN

The famous author, whose new book, "Flying Dutchman," which has just been published, is well up to the Arlen style. He is one of the regulars on the Cagnes golf course, where his golf clothes are the last word in sartorial elegance. The Royal and Ancient game is very much the fashion on the Riviera, and such well-knowns as the Duke of Windsor, Lord Beaverbrook, General Critchley and Mr. Herman Rogers play a great deal

imagined to be a virtuous enthusiasm was, in reality, a desire to be in the limelight, or to impress our convictions on somebody else. Often an ideal is, in reality, an ambition. Often an ambition is, in reality, a love of power. Often a love of power deceives us, until we like to think we rank among the world's immortal saviours. Often, indeed, our motives are twofold; though we permit our consciousness to recognise only the nicer one. Truth is often so difficult to come by, that most of us might as well give up the search. We don't recognise it when it stares us in the face; or rather, perhaps, we recognise as truth that aspect only which appeals to us at the moment.

No wonder prisons are full of burning and sincere resentments, and platforms crowded with pompousness, and leaders of revolts grow to regard revolution as a job, and priests take their gorgeous raiments for religion, and parental love is often selfishness fancy-dressed-up as a dove, and so many of our best intentions are not quite so virtuous as we think they are, or as they may appear. If we could find the real motive behind what we do and think, we should discover the truth, but as we never discover that—or, at any rate, until it is too late to do anything about it—we might as well give up looking for it; since, when we imagine we have run it to earth, so to speak, it is only to capture something which we have fashioned for ourselves, out of our own desire for self-preservation and self-esteem. Nevertheless, the hunt, maybe, is good for us. Indeed, one never knows what is good for us! Sin, sometimes. Or, as a matter of fact, what is bad

A Brilliant  
"Cocktail."

**H**O W almost impossible it is to disentangle motives! As a rule, they deceive us as completely as they deceive other people. We are so blind to our subconscious desires that, when we open our eyes, we only see exactly what we want comfortably to see; more, perhaps, rather than less. So, in reality, if we told the true inner-story of our lives, we should have to tell it twice over; and each recitation would be at variance with the other. Often what we

for us! Virtue, sometimes. What we really require morally are more beginnings and fewer continuations.

In Mr. Michael Arlen's brilliant new "cocktail" of a novel, "Flying Dutchman" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), the motives which underlie the actions and thoughts of the characters are so complicated and so furtive that only their creator—which in a novel is, of course, the author—could sort them out and pin them down. Metaphorically speaking, they appear to be taking a firm grip of the steering-wheel, but it is totally disconnected with the driving-force which is propelling them along. And as the outside world only rarely sees the movements of the steering wheel, it is agast at the direction towards which the human machine is rushing. Thus—to give only one example—the young man, Cherry, who is up against the world because he has failed to make anything except an ignominious impression upon it, is all for fire and brimstone to fall on everything and everybody, because by destroying the world he is, so to speak, escaping from his own self-disgust and condemnation. Again, Chance, the millionaire-proprietor of many newspapers, who has underground supreme influences in the manufacture of armaments in most of the European countries, and has organised a series of outwardly separate, yet secretly affiliated groups of men to stir up international—or even local—trouble, whenever trouble is brewing, does so, not for his own aggrandisement, but because he, unconsciously, has such a hatred and contempt for humanity and this so-called civilisation, that he yearns to destroy them both by their own inherited or evolved evil.

As it is, between action and motive, in the case of these two men, so it is with all the characters in the book. Their wishes are not only the unrecognised father to their thoughts, but to their whole moral, spiritual and romantic behaviour. No wonder their actions often mystify their followers as deeply as they mystify the readers of their story. But it is a most exciting mystification. As in thrillers, you read on and on to discover the perpetrator of some crime, so in this book you read on and on to discover the real motive behind the often unaccountable actions of the characters—some, at least. There are easy solutions, of course. Hilda, for example, who as one of Chance's many discarded

mistresses-of-a-week-or-so, sought to wreck his career when it looked like being easily wrecked, and when at last his wife considered divorcing him, gave her all the evidence she could—not out of moral justice, but because of her subconscious yearning for publicity, and the glamour which surrounds the female whose fall from virtue has become public property (no matter how annoyed she herself may be that, subsequently, her virtue is never given another chance to so much as stumble). She and Ellen, the servant at the lodging-house—whose final resistance was subdued when she discovered that Cherry was the brother of the famous and popular actress, Cora Lawn—provide an easy solution of the mystery between unconscious motive and apparent intention.

The case of Cora Lawn, however, is more complicated. She was young, beautiful, famous, respected and respectable, about to be married to a young peer. Yet, almost on the eve of her marriage, she spent the night with, and became the temporary mistress of Chance, whom she had only met that evening for the first time. Well, she did this apparently unaccountable thing because, behind the façade she had created for her own self-respect and for the edification of the world at large, there was another woman, passionate, animal, reckless, who wore the cloak of seriousness—perforce, had

(Continued on page 150)



ON THE RIVIERA

Musician Mr. Sydney Beer and author-journalist Mr. Godfrey Winn, who are on holiday in Monte Carlo, taking the air on the golf course up at Mont Agel, where the views are so enchanting that players have been known to find the business of concentrating on their game a difficult one

## BELVOIR NEWS REEL

The Pony Club Party  
and Children's Meet



MISS LYDIA WATSON AND GUY  
HALAHAN PUTTING IT OVER



THEY WON PRIZES: MISS BETTY MORLEY,  
MISS MARGIE FURNESS AND A. J. DALTON



SIR ARTHUR CURTIS AND MRS. HORTON,  
WHO JUDGED THE FANCY-DRESS PARADE



AT THE BELVOIR CHILDREN'S MEET: MISS DIANA BARNEBY, CAPTAIN  
HERBERT TURNOR AND HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER, MISS PAMELA TURNOR



THE HON. MRS. HOOS, LORD BROWNLOW'S SISTER,  
AND HER FIVE-YEAR-OLD, HENRIETTA

The Belvoir Hunt Pony Club rounded off its Christmas holiday activities with a children's meet at Ancaster and a large party at the George Hotel, Grantham, two days later. Both events went superbly with the young entry. Miss Lydia Watson, whose father, the late Major-General Hugo Watson, is so sadly missed in Leicestershire, was largely responsible for the party arrangements; she also contributed some capital joint-turns with Guy Halahan, plus piano and "mike," which were madly applauded. Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan's son was well in the picture, too, when the fancy-dress parade got going, for his naval rig was awarded second prize for boys. A. J. Dalton's Hussar won top marks, and so did Miss Betty Morley's Robin Hood, to which Miss Margie Furness's Dutch Girl came second. The judges concerned with this tricky ranking business were Captain Sir Arthur Curtis, from The Priory, Knipton, who used to be private secretary to the Duke of Gloucester, and Mrs. Horton, a member of the so popular Player family. Now for a quick cast back to the day of the children's meet. It seemed that the Duke of Rutland's hounds fully realised the responsibility of having a posse of ponies in their wake and took pains not to outpace them in a forty-minutes' hunt, during which lots of derring deeds were done by the delighted young. Captain Herbert and Lady Enid Turnor's Pamela enjoyed herself no end

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

woven that cloak deliberately—in order, metaphorically speaking, not only to hide her nakedness, but to prevent her from exposing its existence to all and sundry. So the story is the story of men and women play-acting, as we all do, to deceive themselves as well as the world at large. And the moral of it all is that, maybe, we are better, because more honest, when we strip—no matter what the result may be. At any rate, we should at least get the urge-to-strip complex out of our system, and so our ultimate motives would at least be purged of a few of its precious make-beliefs. Yet, perhaps, there is no moral attached, only a number of ideas which are amusingly decked out to hide their profundity. And I call the novel a brilliant "cocktail" because it is made up of quite a number of ingredients—all of the best quality. A little of Wodehouse, a little of Phillips Oppenheim, a little of Noel Coward, a little of sheer sex, shaken together by an expert, and tasting of the best Arlen flavour. Amusing, shrewd, witty, with an entertaining and uncommon tang in it.

## Thoughts from "Flying Dutchman."

"There appears to be no counting the number of women—and nice women at that—who do not fall in love with the men who respect them, which appears to be hard luck on someone."

"The only thing you never can find out about Russians appears to be the truth."

"Those who make no small points against other people do not create in others that itch to wound, which is so frequently said—like lying, avarice and war—to be only human."

"Most people don't think with their minds, but with their hopes or fears or desires."

## Real-life Fairy-Tale.

Certainly Princess Marthe Bibesco's biographical story of the love-affair between Alexander II, Tsar of All the Russias, and the youthful and enchanting Princess Catherine Dolgoruki—"Katia" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)—could quite easily be told in two ways, and from two points of view. Here is the lovelier and more romantic one. Little Katia was only a child when the Tsar first met her at her parents' country home. Because she immediately treated him as a familiar, he was attracted to her at once. Their association quickly became of the kindly father and adopted daughter kind. She showed him love, but was bored by his position. They did not meet again until the young princess was a pupil in the famous Smolny Institute, which was under royal patronage. From then onwards their friendship rapidly turned to love. It was easy to understand. The Tsar, married to a wife slowly dying of consumption, his mind and actions hemmed in by his position and royal traditions, was attracted to this young girl, who treated him as one of her pals, who shared her jokes with him, brought him into her young life,

and eventually fell in love with him because of his kindness towards her, his loneliness, his imprisonment in the sphere of his royal life. With her he could live the life of a normal man—free to taste some of the innocent fun of life, escape from the pomp of his surroundings, forget in her company that he was the Tsar of all the Russias. They became lovers.

Jealousy, hatred and suspicion surrounded them on all sides. Even to meet was to risk death. Yet daily he went to the little house Katia occupied, or else they met, disguised, in a public park. At last, in order that the risk of assassination might be minimised, Katia consented to occupy a suite of apartments in the royal palace. Here she lived her own life, officially of the court, but actually apart from it. Here the

Tsar visited her when his work was done; here he found peace and comfort, and that real companionship which was all he longed for. Thus they lived for some years, Katia becoming the mother of his two children. In spite of the fact that enemies surrounded them, and that this enmity took up its stand by the side of the dying Empress and her children, they were happy. It was Katia, so it was believed, who influenced the Tsar to propose giving to Russia a constitution of political freedom. Had this been done there might never have been written the later terrible pages of modern Russian history. But, alas! it was not to be. The Empress died at last and the Tsar arranged to marry Katia. Actually they were married, but not publicly. That was to come later, when the period of court mourning came to an end. The new constitution was already drafted. It was to be a symbolical wedding-present to the Russian nation. The Tsar was on his way to make final arrangements for this when he was assassinated. The first attempt failed; but as the Emperor was helping a child who had been injured by the first bomb, "a passer-by, who had run up as though to join the rescuers, threw something into the air: a second explosion, even more terrible than the first, shook heaven and earth. This time the giant figure of the Emperor collapsed." Death had severed the knot.

A living love-story, which had survived through so many strange vicissitudes, had come to an end. Katia stole away from Russia, and lived out the rest of her lonely life in France, where she died only a few years ago. The writer, herself, gives us just one personal glimpse of her as an old woman, sitting unobtrusively in a box at the opera. No one, to look at her, could believe easily that she had, in her lifetime, been the domestic and political storm-centre of the Russian imperial court, or had been the heroine of one of the saddest, loveliest love-stories which modern history has written. Princess Marthe Bibesco has told this love-story simply and beautifully, and because, in its essentials, it is a love-story, simple and beautiful, it is very moving indeed—written, that is, in this kind of way.



GEORGE AND BERYL FORMBY AT THE VARIETY PANTOMIME BALL IN MANCHESTER

George Formby, one of the most amusing creatures on both the stage and the films, was one of the host of merry people who rallied at the Midland Hotel, Manchester. His latest film, *It's In the Air*, is a huge success and is on view at the New Gallery



MORE CELEBRITIES AT THE VARIETY PANTOMIME BALL  
Cora Goffin, Davey Burnaby and Stanley Holloway, three more of the revellers at this gay party, and all three in the *Aladdin* pantomime at the Manchester Opera House. Cora Goffin is the principal boy

## THE CAMERA'S MIXED BAG!



Dennis Moss

AT CIRENCESTER HOSPITAL BALL: MAJOR CARR, MRS. WILLIAM CHESTER MASTER AND LADY CRIPPS



DEGREES DAY AT LEEDS UNIVERSITY

The Archbishop of York, Lady Anne Cavendish, Lord Baldwin and the Duke of Devonshire



Walter Brydon

LORD MINTO—CURLER, AT HASSENDEAN



LORD GLENORCHY—PIPER, AT KILLIN



Wilson

ANOTHER CURLER: MAJOR CYRIL FALCONAR-STEWART

The photographer's machine-gun covered a wide arc when it collected the pictures on this page, and brought down many a celebrity. The Cirencester Hospital Ball at the Bingham Hall—as usual—was well backed up, and so let us hope that the financial result was commensurate. Mrs. Chester Master, wife of Captain William Chester Master, lives in Cirencester—Oxford House. Her husband is in the 60th (R. of O.). The Leeds University picture was taken on the day when honorary degrees were conferred on various eminent persons, including Lord Baldwin, a LL.D. The picture was actually taken at Leeds Town Hall. Lady Anne Cavendish acted as page to her father, the Duke of Devonshire, who is the new Chancellor. The other two notabilities speak for themselves very well. All the other pictures are from farther north. Lord Minto was at a Roxburghshire Bonspiel tournament, and Major Falconar-Stewart, of Feddal, at the Scottish Central Province tournament on Ardoch Loch. Lord Glenorchy, the Earl of Breadalbane's son, blew the Loch Tay salmon fishermen away at the old-time ceremonial at Killin



**HASSAN HASSENEIN—A CAIRO CELEBRITY**

The player shows first-class style, with his eye glued to the ball. The snapshot was taken during the first All-Egyptian Golf Championship, held in Cairo this month

self-confessed snob. Let me make a confession of my own—that I have always had a sneaking sympathy with the poor wretch in the Bible who was condemned to everlasting damnation, or whatever it was, for saying, "Thank heaven, I am not as one of these."

The controversy at Hastings was manufactured by the newspapers and meant just about as much as the similar controversy that arose when the proprietor of the Mote Mount Club decided that certain parts of the club-house should be reserved for men members on Sundays; in other words, to the outside world it meant nothing at all. But now that we have had it rammed down our throats, let me tell you one or two of the facts of the case. Hastings, for a holiday resort offering so many other attractions, is deficient in good golf courses. The Hastings Downs course is owned, and leased to the Club on what I am assured are most favourable terms, by Major Carlisle Sayer. Of recent years, its playing condition, owing to lack of funds, has not been what it might be, and it was proposed by the Town Council that a grant of £100 a year might be made out of the public funds to improve this condition as an attraction to visitors. Speaking without knowledge of the course, I should say that this proposition was probably sound. What Hastings and similar towns require in the summer is an influx, to be thoroughly snobbish, of good, upper middle-class families; and while Mamma and little Johnny may be quite happy disporting themselves on the beach or listening to the band in the White Rock Pavilion, Papa is disinclined to visit a place where his best drive finishes in a cuppy lie, and the winning putt is deflected by a dandelion. That, I am sure, is not a true description of the condition of the Downs course, but the principle stands. As much as a thousand a year, shared among the Hastings courses, would probably be a sound financial investment.

At any rate, this proposal was opposed by a Labour member of the Town Council on the, to me,

# CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

I RECALL few of these sporadic and artificially cultivated "controversies" that I have found more nauseating, and ultimately more tedious, than the recent profitless discussions as to whether the members of the Hastings Downs Golf Club are, or are not, snobs. There are snobs in every walk of life. Every man who has started a sentence with the words: "I am no snob, but . . ." is a

irrelevant grounds that the members of the Club were snobs. They may have been burglars, for all the difference it makes to the proposition. However, a fine rumpus ensued, in which it was alleged that the members would not play with members of the artisan section—a state of affairs which, if true, would no doubt give as much pleasure to the artisans as anyone. Then, when things were beginning to settle down, word was received that a party of members, who were not playing the full course, had demanded to pass through a party of artisans, who were. This was, of course, contrary to the Rules of Golf, apart from any rules of the two clubs concerned, and the Club committee at once ranged themselves on the side of the artisans—a fact which appears to have been concealed until now.

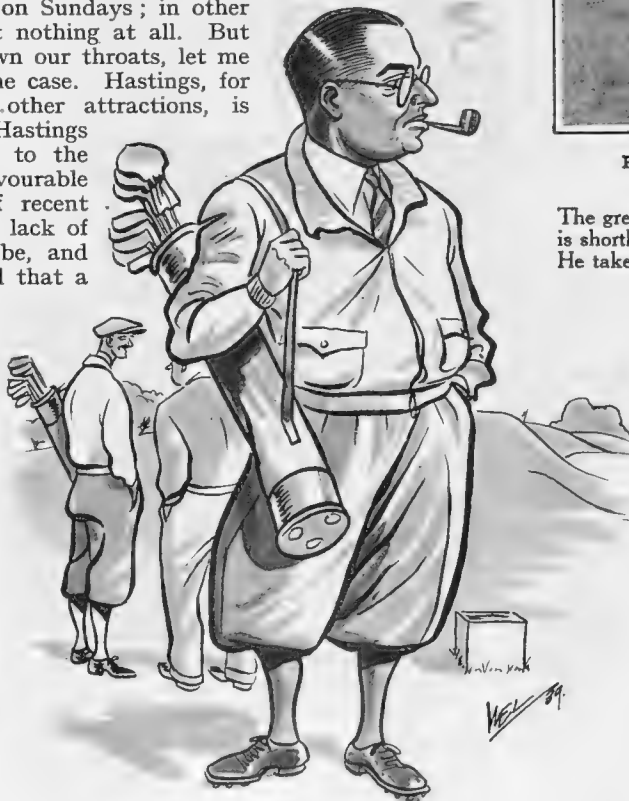
Actually, so far as I can gather from members of the Club, there is no dissension between the members and the artisans. The members pay five guineas a year, and the artisans pay fifteen shillings. The artisan club is governed by rules similar to those that prevail all over the country, and in return for their reduced subscription they have reduced hours of play. They start their rounds at different times to the other members.

Let us now turn farther afield—to the United States—



**FRED PERRY PLAYS GOLF  
AT PINEHURST, U.S.A.**

The great lawn-tennis star, now a "professor," is shortly going on tour with Vines and Budge. He takes golf quite seriously, but not so much so as his No. 1 game



**MR. TED BERESFORD**

Who is one of a series "Mel" thinks of starting and calling "Golfers Here and There." By this the artist does not mean that they are "all over the course," but just golfers in various parts of the country. Here we have a Halifax golfer who is an ex-captain of Bradley Hall G.C.

where Mr. F. Corcoran, who is styled the "tournament manager of the American Professional Golfers' Association," wishes to alter the par of American courses. He wants, I gather, to appoint a group of first-class players in each district and send them round all the courses (I forget how many thousand courses there are in the States), noting narrow fairways, traps, small greens, etc., and thus establishing a "tentative par." Then "a player would play each hole a number of times and the average of his scores would determine the par." His scheme would, he appears to admit, involve fractions at a good many holes, but he thinks that would be preferable to the present system which is based solely on yardage.

## TERRITORIAL GUNNERS HAVE A GUEST NIGHT



THE 60th FIELD BRIGADE ROYAL ARTILLERY (T.A.)—BY "MEL"

This unit had a guest night recently at the White Hart Hotel, Lincoln. Officers and men are as keen as mustard, and are a very happy and efficient crowd. Names: (l. to r.; at back) Colonel S. Farr, Commanding Officer, 1932-1936; Lieut.-Col. T. W. Pitcher, T.D., present C.O.; Major J. P. Crowe, R.A., former Adjutant; Major G. T. S. Chambers, O.C. 238 Battery; Major G. G. Peel, O.C. 237 Battery; Captain W. F. Bland, Major R. St. C. Page, Captain L. G. Bacon, Captain A. Philip, Captain E. G. Snaith, Medical Officer; (in front; l. to r.) Colonel S. V. Hotchkin, the Honorary Colonel, Captain J. H. Wright and Captain L. M. Kenyon Fuller, R.A., the new Adjutant. "Mel's" imagination has led him to depict good "ammunition," and to prevent any criticism from gunners, he confesses that the model for the gun in this picture was purchased from a well-known chain store, where nothing is over sixpence!

NEXT WEEK: LEEDS GOLF CLUB

## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 146) From the Warwickshire.

We have had to be thankful for small mercies lately. Frost stopped us two days of last week, but all has been well since, and the daily round was enlivened by a visit from the Oxford 'Draghounds', with Philip Profumo in command and our Reggie to turn hounds to him—this rather a figure of speech, despite every effort and great fox-hunting ability. But who *can* turn draghounds? Some of them turned the spectators' cars all right while stealing on to get an illicit start. It was like hounds in a dream—hardly a note even when one was caught broadside on by a car; but they set a proper gallop and you wouldn't often see thirty or forty better-looking horses than those that turned out. Just the absence of cry at the start was a puzzle to some of them, and it took a field or two to light them up, but there was no doubt of it after that. George "went for six," but thanks to prompt aid from Eleanor he rose with the light of battle in his eye and finished about where he generally does in a hunt. Three broken ribs and an over-reach or two was the sum of the other casualties. And shall we say two couple of hounds won? Warwickshire discipline was somewhat relaxed for the occasion, but everyone loved it, and we felt we couldn't thank Philip enough, as it was an enterprise that took some doing, and the noble entertainment beforehand at Avon Carrow ensured that everyone was exactly in the right mood when hounds settled down to run.

Another Shuckburgh Thursday well up to expectations—the Hill as ever full of foxes: Bicester, Grafton, Pytchley, and our friends of North Warwickshire—no one there knows which pack will not run to, or through it, and it never fails. Jack Starkey badly knocked about and concussed. Such a trio of fox-hunters those, year after year, and sometimes a very welcome quartette, though Palestine is rather interfering with that this season.

### From the Pytchley.

Yet another week when hunting has been impossible all four days. From Hardwicke on Monday conditions very difficult early in the morning, but later on the small field out had a nice hunt from Bullocks Pen. A large crowd out to meet hounds at Walcot and a fast gallop around Misterton and Lutterworth soon settled the fresh horses. After drawing Kilworth Sticks, followers were soon spread all over the country—loose horses were much to the fore and the battle against floods, canals, and railways—not to mention a very stiff country to ride over—was lost by a large crowd of people.

Daventry was the meet on Friday. A nice, steady day was spent hunting twisty foxes, only to end up at Harlestone Heath, a long way from the meeting-place. A very successful hunt ball was held that night at Overstone. Everything was perfectly arranged, and a large number of people attended. Talking of the parties, hats off to Lady Nunburnholme and Captain Lancaster for giving such a riot of a party at Kelmash on Saturday night. I wonder who enjoyed themselves most? The Colonel must have been close in the running, seconded by a large amount of the young entry.

A strong wind blowing at Lamport made conditions difficult on Monday, but it wasn't long before we found ourselves at Foxhall and a long hunt ensued out towards Kettering over strange and new country. Great fun it was, several visiting young ladies enjoying themselves. Poor Colonel Fanshawe had a beastly fall. We hope he will have a good recovery.

### From the York and Ainsty.

In spite of our holding our hunt ball on Friday the 13th it went off all right, and more people came than for some years past: the floods which had barred the road to Moreby a few days before had disappeared, and there was no fog on the way. In fact, the only slight flies in the ointment were the four unlucky guests who, after the Lambeth Walks and Chestnut Trees were over and everyone else gone home, were stranded owing to car breakdowns and couldn't get others for some time as the telephone was out of action. Incidentally, we thought the standard of beauty was rather high this year. We woke next day to a certain amount of frost and fog, and there was some doubt as to whether we'd hunt. However, Geoffrey decided to keep the appointment at Marston Station as advertised, meaning to start with some covert-hunting in Red House Wood. The fox, however, was soon away in the open, and after some twisting about, went back through the covert and then down to the river,

which he crossed into the North pack's territory, hounds swimming over, too, before they could be stopped. This meant a long detour to get over the river at Skip Bridge, but luckily we soon found them and had quite a nice hunt of an hour or so, after which there was a long jog back to our own country; Deighton Whin drawn blank, and then home.

### Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

Never can anyone realise what the crowd was like on Tuesday from the Hare and Hounds, Westonbirt, unless they had been out. It was at least 350, and no wonder the notice the next day in the paper requesting strangers not to hunt whilst the f.-and-m. restrictions are in force. Considering everything, Holland put up a good show. There were many complaints of jostling and pushing, and it was lucky there were not more serious casualties. On Wednesday from Tolldown we kept on the top and had a busy day to finish up at Badminton. Weather conditions stopped us again in the middle of the week, but we were out again late in the day on Saturday, but scent was very catchy. We were all sorry to see Mrs. Alby Cator have a nasty fall which resulted in a fractured arm. The Pay Party on Saturday night at Newton Priory was a great success, run by Joyce and Tony and Co. Everyone is hoping that by the end of the week the country will be open again. We offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. "Jock" Murray at the loss of her husband, who for many years lived at Oaksey Manor and hunted regularly.

### From the Grafton.

Sport has been in the ascendant all this week, and followers have been rewarded with several excellent days. Monday from Woodford was a very busy one, and there was little delay at their first draw, Hinton Gorse. They were away on a very twisty fox to Hollywell Pools and over a wide stretch of country to Fawsley and Preston Capes. What a grand day the children had on Tuesday at their special meet from Whittlebury Lodge, and there were about forty enthusiastic little followers out. We were galloping hard all the morning. Hounds met at Syresham Cross Roads on Friday, a lovely sunny day, with a moderate-sized field. I noticed how particularly well-mounted the hunt servants are. Instead of going straight into Whistley Wood, they went to draw Timm's Gorse, where they found an outlier and ran towards Falcutt and then past Syresham to the starting-point. The Whistley Wood foxes were disinclined to leave, and hounds eventually got a bad start on one to Radstone, but, hunting magnificently past Halse and Brackley Grange, killed their fox in Brackley Gorse. I noticed only one muddied coat, and that was George's! They got away with another through Gooseholm and Hinton-in-the-Hedges, to ground near the village. A fox from Brackley Gorse was hunted towards Halse, but went back to ground in Steane Park. We are glad to see Evie out again (though only on Shanks's mare) after her long illness. The dog pack were hunting on Saturday at Silverstone Fields. The going was very hard and treacherous after Friday night's severe frost. They found in Bucknell's and hunted slowly through the covert to Priesthaye and Crown Lands. Running a big circle round the covert, hounds ran on nearly to Astwell Mill and then on to Helmdon Station. Failing to get to ground in a drain there, the fox turned back past the village and was killed beyond Falcutt after a good hound hunt of 75 minutes. Poor Hilda had a nasty fall in the Wood, with a severe shaking.

### Meynell Musings.

All kinds of madness on the part of the Clerk of the Weather hindered us again last week, and when we met at Brailsford Hall on Thursday there was still quite a lot of snow lying about, which made the going decidedly tricky, but we all felt much braver after Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strutt's hospitality, and we were quickly in action from White's Wood. Great excitement was caused by Kay's new covert providing a leash of foxes, and a nice hunt followed, but the best gallop came later from Radbourne Brickyard covert. On Saturday fog and frost put paid to hunting, but the children's Pony Club party and dance held on Friday night at Derby was a great success, and a large gathering turned up. After deluging rain and wind, foxes were difficult to find on Monday at Bradley Hall, but, from all accounts, those who hunted on Tuesday at Hill Ridware had one of the best day's sport this season—in fact, the afternoon hunt of an hour and fifty minutes with a six-mile point was brilliant. All kinds of rumours are afloat of a bona-fide meeting at Burton-on-Trent, but no one seems certain of what is going to take place!



Ursula Powys-Lybbe, A.R.P.S.

### LADY PAMELA BERRY, HER HOME, HER HOBBIES AND HER CHILD

The touring camera in its peregrinations has picked out another attractive socialite in the person of Lord Birkenhead's younger sister, Lady Pamela Berry, who was married to Lord Camrose's second son in 1936. As will be seen by the shoes and road-map, walking is a favourite hobby and much to be commended. The second picture presents a corner of her very beautifully decorated drawing-room at a favourite place to the other in the shortest possible time. Books are another relaxation for moments of leisure, which is only natural in view of the fact that Lady Pamela Berry has a best-seller sister. Bicycling is one of the forms of exercise which appeal to her enormously. A taste for photography is shown by the camera, gripfix and photograph album; but the real *pièce de résistance* is Adrian, who, although last, is certainly not least. This young man was born in 1937

## TWO HOSTS



MR. CHRISTOPHER SEYMOUR WITH HIS  
HOST'S MOTHER, MRS. EVANS



THE PRETTIEST WOMAN IN HOLLY-  
WOOD: MISS VIVIEN LEIGH

## IN HOLLYWOOD



MINE HOST, MR. REX EVANS,  
WITH MISS HEATHER THATCHER



COL. STEWART RODDIE, MR. PHILIP WINTER,  
MR. ELLIOTT MORGAN AND MISS ISABEL JEANS



A VERY MUCH LOVED SOCIAL FIGURE  
IN HOLLYWOOD, NAZIMOVA



MR. TOM DOUGLAS, SIR ANTHONY LINDSAY-  
HOGG AND MR. WALTER KARRIS-DAVIES

The above pictures were taken at two social events in Hollywood. The two hosts were Mr. Rex Evans, who gave a very successful punch-party on his patio, and Mr. George Cukor, a lunch-party. Mr. Christopher Seymour, who was at the former, is in Hollywood learning the technique of motion-picture making. On his right is Mrs. Evans, the mother of the host. Lovely Miss Vivien Leigh was at Mr. Cukor's lunch-party; she is to take the part of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, directed by Mr. Cukor. Next door the popular host is seen with Miss Heather Thatcher. Rex Evans is now one of the leading house decorators, and is in partnership with Mr. Tom Douglas. Colonel Stewart Roddie used to be our Military Attaché in Berlin and Paris, but is now lecturing all over the U.S.A. on the European situation; on his left is Mr. Philip Winter, who is in the film *Wuthering Heights*, now being shot. Miss Isabel Jeans, who has been absent from the London stage for far too long, is on her way home to act in a play. Nazimova, the great star of silent days, is a much-loved person in the film colony. Mr. Tom Douglas, house decorator No. 1 in Hollywood, was here snapped with Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, who has been working on a ranch in California.

# SUN AND SNOW AT ST. MORITZ



ON CORVIGLIA HEIGHTS: LORD AND LADY DULVERTON



MRS. BEATRICE CARTWRIGHT



VISCOUNTESS DUNEDIN



SKI-ERS: LADY BARBARA LINDSAY AND SIGNORA LOUISA FUMMI



A FAMOUS CRESTA RIDER AND HIS WIFE: MR. AND MRS. JOHN CRAMMOND



MISS PATRICIA LOWRY-CORRY AND SKI-ING INSTRUCTRESS MISS AUDREY SALE-BARKER



THE WIFE OF H.E. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR WITH LADY ANNE FUMMI

The snow conditions at St. Moritz still continue to be perfect, and the rinks and ski-runs are crowded with people falling about in every direction; in short, it is all very gay. Lord and Lady Dulverton, who are seen in the first photograph, are at the Carlton with their children. He is chairman of Imperial Tobacco and was raised to the peerage in 1929. Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright is another regular St. Moritzer, and had just had lunch at the Corviglia Club when snapped. Her parties are famous all over Europe. Lady Dunedin was just preparing to go skating, of which art she is a very fine exponent. She and her husband were at Adelboden before coming on to St. Moritz. Lady Barbara Lindsay is Lord Crawford and Balcarres' youngest daughter. Mr. John Crammond is the famous Cresta rider. He entered for the Carlton Cup, but was beaten by this year's record-holder, W. Keddie. Miss Audrey Sale-Barker has been appointed ski-ing instructress at the Corviglia Club this season. Her mother is an aunt of Lord Inchiquin. Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry is a daughter of the late Brig.-General Noel Lowry-Corry. Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, the wife of the popular American Ambassador, was at St. Moritz with her large family. Lady Anne Fummi is Lord Crawford and Balcarres' second daughter

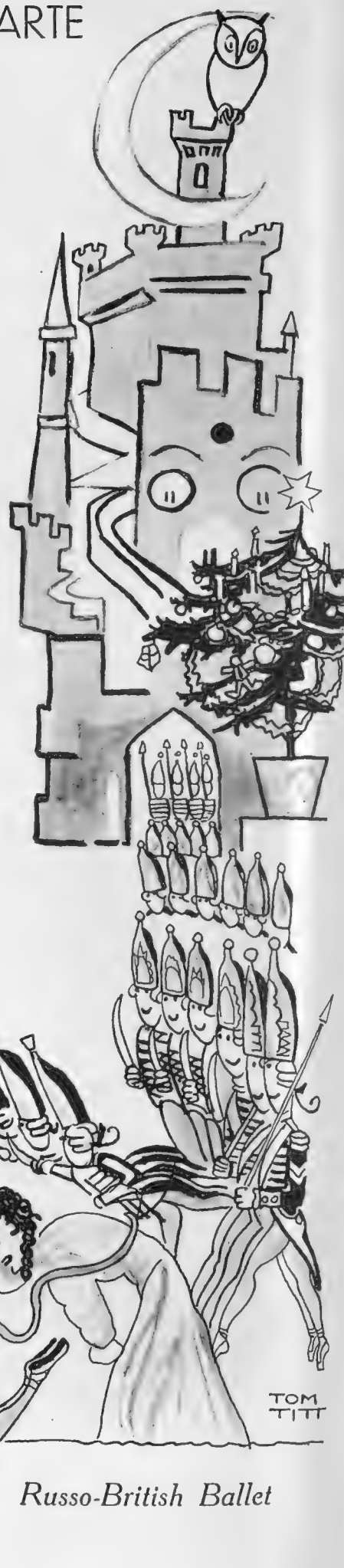
## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

THE British Ballet is both a fact and a success. It (meaning the Vic-Wells Ballet) is an artistic success, a popular success and as nearly a commercial success as are any of to-day's units of the once-great Russian Ballet, whose traditions it borrowed while creating its own. It must be seen to be believed in; so let me deal with a recent visit, on an evening when the programme was average and three of the best dancers in the stock company (Pearl Argyle, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann) were not performing.

Enter amid loud applause, Constant Lambert, to conduct Tchaikovsky's music for *Casse-Noisette*. This item, concerning a Christmas party and a child's adventures among magical toys, is by no means in the top flight of Russian ballets. In the first scene, the choreography for mechanical dolls, moving in curves instead of angles, amuses hardly at all; and even in terms of the nursery, the battle between soldiers and mice lacks drama. But the dancing, as executed at Sadler's Wells, has unity, real gaiety and, especially, "atmosphere." The next scene, "Snowflakes," is finely performed by the corps de ballet. So it should be, given that the solo dancers at Sadler's Wells (including Pamela May and June Brae in this particular instance) join the corps when they have no individual rôles. The second Act is merely a frame for character dances that vary between the charming and the undistinguished (the Tea-duo might have come out of *Chu Chin Chow*). But when the young dancers are given half a chance, how admirably they take it! Thus, the Spanish Dance by Elizabeth Miller and Richard Ellis, Mary Honer's exquisite solo for the Sugar-Plum Fairy, her *pas de deux* with Harold Turner, and the latter's agile Variation. This scene is greatly helped by the most alluring Suite which Tchaikovsky ever wrote for Ballet: and the production is as light as it is luscious. It was no Vic-Wells stalwart, but a Polish artist, who told me in the interval that he had enjoyed this *Casse-Noisette* more than he had enjoyed the rather similar *Sleeping Princess* in any Covent Garden season.

AT SADLER'S WELLS, TO MUSIC BY  
TCHAIKOVSKY: "CASSE-NOISETTE."



Russo-British Ballet

Then *Horoscope*: music and idea by Constant Lambert; choreography by Frederick Ashton. Argument: a man and woman, separated by their opposing stars in the solar sign of the Zodiac, are united by the twin stars on the lunar side. The composer-conductor opens his Prelude with repetitive, not to say monotonous, notes that arrest attention on the other-worldly theme. He works up to a clamorous dance for the followers of the full-blooded star Leo, diminishes to a sensitive saraband for the timid followers of Virgo. Violence returns in a Variation for the young man under Leo, then tenderness for the Virgo girl's Variation. To penetrating notes from the brass, red bacchantes overwhelm the pale virgins. The twin Gemini, in a bout of geometric dancing, bring the young man and woman together: violence and tenderness merge, and a lovely *pas de deux* precedes an Invocation to the Moon. There is nothing profound in all this, but there is real beauty of sound and pattern: the collaboration of music with dancing is so exact as to be perfect. The young woman obtains eloquent grace, delicate emotion and finely disciplined technique from Margot Fonteyn, and the young man a controlled forcefulness from Michael Somes. This ballet is as attractive as any one-act piece created since 1920; and it is native to England and Sadler's Wells, except for the astrological *décor* by Sophie Fedorovitch.

For the rest, the Vic-Wells Ballet is a bit of a miracle. Eight years ago it was a formless idea to a few and a joke to most of the ballet-tasters that recalled a past "when Polusky danced Belinska in September 1910." It aimed at large audiences; but it would be without rich patrons. The very title, Vic-Wells Ballet, would make it a hole-and-corner thing, poor relation to Old Vic drama. And where could they find those necessary but very rare birds, the first-class choreographers? Above all, where on earth were British performers capable of dancing such rôles as Karsavina, Danilova, Massine, Woizikowsky had danced?

The answers arrived. There were enough good dancers for a beginning: some made a living in revue, some had taken foreign names so as to work for, and learn under, Diaghileff. And there were prize pupils in the Academies, including the school run by one Edris Stannus, an Irish dancer whom you certainly do not know by that name—she had changed it to Ninette de Valois, as an aid to engagements. She had rebelled against the great Diaghileff himself, had produced in the theatre and for the Camargo Society; so here, all in one, was a director of Russo-British Ballet, an able choreographer and a remarkable woman. Another remarkable woman, the late Lilian Baylis, whipped up for the venture a popular enthusiasm that was better than patronage. The Russo-British Ballet was rather ragged at first, then interesting, and before long, exciting. And nowadays, a multitude of cars, large and small, drive to Sadler's Wells on any ballet-night. The Vic-Wells ballet is still Russo-British in technique; but it is more stable than any large ballet-company in the world (now that the Monte Carlo Franco-Russians have split into two or more camps), and scores of good dancers are being trained for its future. It will surely go from strength to strength, create new dance-forms, outgrow its hole-and-corner name, and become a national Ballet with an international reputation.



OUR CARICATURIST'S MEDITATIONS DURING "HOROSCOPE," AS DANCED TO ASTROLOGICAL MUSIC BY CONSTANT LAMBERT

# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER.—In the Rue Vital, one of the quietest streets of Passy, tucked away behind the Trocadero which has now become le Palais Chaillot, there exists a building known as Les Archives Internationales de la Danse, where, as its label indicates, all matters concerning the art of the dance are placed on record. There, students of the Ballet can consult, all-gratis-and-freefer-nuffink, a very complete reference library which contains some of the most important books dealing with "that particular disease" known, thanks to Arnold Haskell, as "balletomania." The choice of volumes is eclectic, since one finds such erudite works as those of my dear friend the late André Levinson, as well as a quite recent sixpenny "Pelican Special": the aforementioned Arnold Haskell's charming guide to the Ballet, which is so simply written that even a dance-struck nit-wit must realise the infinite work and patience, the slow toil and ceaseless study which go to the making of that creature composed of dream and stark reality: a great dancer.

The building which houses the Archives is a *petit hôtel* built round a crazy-paved courtyard, where students can laze in the shade of an ivy-smothered pergola in a warmer season than this. The place is closed to the public on Saturday afternoon, which, of course, would be the time I chose for my visit. However, M. Tugal, who, as well as being one of the founders, is *secrétaire générale*, kindly gave me the run of the place. On one side of the courtyard, where sparrows were fighting over a crust, is built a good-sized studio, concert hall or what-you-will, where lectures, recitals, and demonstrations are given. While I waited for the *concierge* to get me the permission to roam at will, I heard an invisible musician playing a mouth-organ rather well: it was muted by the distance and had a ghostly and quite moving sound. The *concierge* returned, bringing me the freedom of the building, and departed to his own affairs.

M. Rolf de Maré, who is to the Swedish Ballet what Diaghileff was to the Russians, is the principal founder of Les Archives Internationales de la Danse, and souvenirs of Jean Borlin, Carina Ari, and Jenny Hasselquist abound, in the shape of posters adorning the walls; while one of the rooms on the top floor contains cases of costumes and dozens of miniature settings, complete with tiny figures, of the ballets which were danced by this trio and their company, and the delightful remembrance came back to me of *Dansgille*, *Iberia*, *Nuit St. Jean*, and the wit of *Skating Rink*. There are also many souvenirs of Anna Pavlova: her tiny, rose-coloured ballet shoes, her *Firefly* frock, one of the *Swan* dresses, and some of the letters, drawings, and a wreath of flowers belonging to la Taglioni which she treasured and which have been given to the Archives by M. Dandré.

Then I went into the room that is to be inaugurated next week, and was not yet open to the public. It was in darkness, but I had been told where to find the switch, which was outside the open door. What I saw in the soft, golden light that suddenly glowed from a hidden source did strange things to the old heart that usually beats so placidly. Draped upon an invisible framework which must have been built by a sculptor's hands was the billowing frock of white chiffon, with its tight satin bodice, its deep flounces, and the flowing mantilla of delicate black lace; the poise of the body was there as I have so often seen it; the lovely and half-guessed line of thigh and knee; the slim waist, the head turned from the audience and veiled by the mantilla.



Harcourt

## Mlle. ALICE FIELD: A NEW STUDIO PORTRAIT

This charming actress, so well known both on the stage and screen, has an enormous number of successes to her credit, in spite of her youth. She was the leading lady of *Cette Vieille Canaille*, both in the play and in the film. In the French version of the picture *Atlantis* she gave one of the most remarkable performances ever witnessed on the screen.

I waited expectantly for the opening notes of the *Cordoba* and, in the distance, came again the muted sound of music. Thanks be that it was only a vulgar little street tune, played by a common mouth-organ, for it brought me to my senses.

Those lovers of Argentina who go to see the souvenirs of that most lovely dancer will find sweet pain as well as comfort in the way the *vitrine* has been arranged, for the first glimpse is hallucinating. There are three frocks. The one I have described, in which she used to dance the *Cordoba*, is the most beautiful in its simplicity: it stands out against the rich brocade of the *Valenciana* and the more tawdry, flame-coloured gipsy dress of *l'Amour Sorcier*. In their satin-lined cases are her decorations: the Order of Isabelle la Catholique of Spain and the French Légion d'honneur. I am not sure whether these empty fripperies, which

are so precious to us who knew her, can convey, to those who never saw her, any idea of what Argentina was to the world of dance and to her millions of admirers. The ugliest, crustiest writer who can wield a pen with wit and charm goes down to posterity—maybe!—and, by his writings, lives; but the greatest players, singers or dancers only really last so long as lasts the memory of those who saw them, and this, I think, is a most desolating state of affairs, since nothing can be done to change it.

PRISCILLA.



Piaz, Paris

## ANOTHER LOVELY FRENCH FILM-STAR: MME. ARLETTE MARCHAL

Who has been featured in many famous French productions, but perhaps her most successful might be described as Henri Bataille's *La Marche Nuptiale*. On the stage she gave us a wonderful performance of the part of the young schoolmistress in the French version of *Mädchen in Uniform*.

# THE CATTISTOCK HUNT BALL AT MINTERNE, DORSET



LORD AND LADY CRANLEY AND  
(RIGHT) THE HON. HENRY BROWNE



ALSO SITTING-OUT: THE HON. HUGH FRASER, MISS URSULA  
KENYON-SLANEY, LORD EDNAM AND MISS JUNE CAPEL



MR. T. EGERTON AND LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT



MRS. A. H. HIGGINSON AND  
COLONEL E. WALKER



THE HON. PAMELA DIGBY AND LORD GRANBY



MRS. H. AGAR AND MR. A.  
HENRY HIGGINSON, M.F.H.

Lord and Lady Digby very kindly put Mintorne at the Hunt's disposal for this gay gathering, and no better place could have been found. Lord Digby was joint-Master with the famous parson, "Jack" Milne, from 1926 to 1930, in which year the reign of the enthusiastic and very literary Mr. A. Henry Higginson began. Mr. Higginson is the author of many excellent books of historical, hunting interest, and his wife is that charming actress whose stage name is Miss Mary Newcombe. The Hon. Pamela Digby, eldest daughter of the host and hostess, seen with Lord Granby, was not dancing as—to the sorrow of all her friends—she is booked for an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Agar, in the picture with the reigning senior Master, is a visitor from Mr. Higginson's own country, America



MR. AND MRS. ALEC HAMBRO  
SIT ONE OUT

Photographs: Swabe

## ENJOYING KLOSTERS



AT THE HIRSCHEN RESTAURANT: MISS B. GRAHAM-HUTCHISON AND MR. DANIEL SYKES



LADY ROSE PAGET WITH MR. VALERIAN WELLESLEY



MISS GUINEVERE BRODRICK AND MR. RUPERT GERARD



MISS JILL HARRISON, MR. RONNIE MONTEITH AND SISTER CYNTHIA



HANDY FOR DARTS: MISS JOAN JOHNSON AND MR. GUY GERARD



MR. DONALD LITTLE, MISS JUNE WEAVER AND MISS JOY JOHNSTON



MR. DAVID WALLIS, HIS STEPMOTHER, MRS. F. WALLIS, AND MR. C. GARTON



MISS ANN BAXENDALE DANCING WITH MR. SPENCER FORBES

The Hirschen Restaurant, meeting-place for tea, beer and dancing after snow sports, is the popular setting of these pictures from Klosters. Bonhomie, such as Switzerland encourages, is very prevalent there and Colonel Crawford Graham-Hutchison's younger daughter and Sir Richard Sykes's brother had no difficulty in registering it. Miss Cynthia Monteith even found her splint-clad arm rather a joke when she forgathered with her brother and Miss Jill Harrison. Another light-hearted trio consisted of Mr. Charles Garton, Mr. David Wallis, and his stepmother, Mrs. Wallis; the last-named, who was Mlle. Maeva Lejeune, recently married Mr. Frederick Wallis, of Elvendon Priory, Goring, and Inverinan Lodge, Argyllshire. Lady Rose Paget is staying with her father, Lord Anglesey, at the Silvretta Hotel, where the parents of Miss June Weaver (sister of Michael and John Weaver) have also lately been in residence. Both the sons of Colonel Charles R. T. M. Gerard are at Klosters. One is seen with Miss Brodrick, daughter of Lady Dunsford by her first marriage, and the other with Miss Joan Johnson, whose mother was once Miss Jean Fleming, of Montreal.



SCOTTISH WINTER: THE DEVERON, NEAR HUNTLEY LODGE

*Alex. B. Beattie*

Softly a gleaming shroud lies on the earth's cold face, lending spent nature grace. The silvered trees are bowed towards the ice-blue gleam of the still, slow stream; as if to catch a note of murmured elegy to summer's memory. Thus quiet, aloof, remote, awaits the patient earth its ultimate rebirth

ERICA DOUGLAS



THE LOCAL "DUGGY" GETS BUSY



## EGYPT'S "EPSOM"

THE BALAAM'S TALKING  
STAKES ROUND THE

THEY WERE DETERMINED TO GET A GOOD PANORAMIC VIEW OF THINGS

THE 'AUGHTY  
'UNT IS  
SAID TO ENJOY  
IT!  
SEZ YOU!



These astounding and exciting pictures show the local flat-racing carnival, which the local people call "duggy". The big event causes red-hot excitement under conditions which are quite non-European. The winner is not the first Neddy to cross the line, but the jockey can remain aboard the camel until he has any other jockey off, and in the process you can see the local Gordons, who are hard at work doing their stuff. If you are under Jockey Club or N.H. Rules, the winner would be the penalty. The camels are not to race, but few people have ever seen them enjoying anything. Thomas Atkins says of him: "The 'Aughty 'Unt is said to be a hard nut to crack, but the grand-stand, as will be seen, is full with Cairene rugs and draperies. The 'Aughty 'Unt, all, when he looks out from his window, could tell us. His remarks might be far more decorous when he is in the

acing under the shadow of Cheops



THE JUDGE, A FAIR JOCKEY, AND THE STARTER

KATIVE ROADSTER  
E FULL COURSE



DIRTY WORK AT THE POST—START OF THE DERBY

res were taken during the Ghizeh  
inhabitants call their "Derby."  
ment, and is a contest run under  
existent at any other race-course.  
past the post, but the one whose  
agest. You are allowed to pull  
icture of the start of the Derby  
arry Wraggs and so forth very  
anything like this ever happened  
les, we shudder to think what  
are said to "enjoy" being made  
seen a camel look as if he is  
knew the entirely right descrip-  
" The excitement of the gallery,  
to be absolutely painful at times,  
n, is most beautifully caparisoned  
What old Cheops thinks of it  
3000 B.C. judge's box, only he  
not be printable, because things  
he was King of Memphis



THE GHIZEH  
GRAND-STAND :  
ANXIOUS GALLERY  
REGISTERS  
EMOTION

## RACING AT SANTA ANITA: THE NEW YEAR MEETING



ENJOYING THEMSELVES: MR. REX  
EVANS AND MISS ISABEL JEANS



MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT, LOOKING  
VERY SMART



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON,  
AND MR. MARKS, FROM LONDON



MISS ANITA LOUISE WITH  
MR. HARRY COHN



HARDY MINUS LAUREL



MR. AND MRS. CEDRIC BELFRAGE  
(MOLLY CASTLE)

Santa Anita, Pasadena, is Hollywood's own race-course, and here are some of the many fixed stars of the film firmament who assembled to "play the horses" at the New Year meeting, run, as will be noticed, in brilliant sunshine. Rex Evans loves racing for racing's sake, when he is not film-making or doing Tom Douglas's interior decoration business. Isabel Jeans looked even more attractive than usual in a fur jacket and brown tweeds. Constance Bennett's new tip-tilted velour hat, feather and veil were the admiration of the entire assemblage. Edward G. Robinson is now posing as a law-abiding citizen, vide *I Am the Law*. Harry Cohn, who is with beautiful Anita Louise, is President of Columbia Pictures, and had a party for the meeting in his box. Anita is Hollywood's Blonde Beauty No. 1. Hardy's new partner is Langdon, and many will badly miss Laurel. Cedric Belfrage, formerly *Daily Express*, is busy writing books in California. His latest is to be called "I Met a Christian." Molly Castle, his clever wife, writes the movie gossip from Hollywood for the *Daily Mirror*.

THE SOUND OF THE HORN—  
ON VARIOUS FINE HUNTING MORNS



**SOUTH CO. DUBLIN HARRIERS WELL-KNOWN** *Pool, Dublin*

A group taken at Lucan Spa, and in it are (l. to r.) Mr. William Costelloe, Mrs. Fred Clarke, Dr. Laurence Flanagan (joint-Master), Mr. Dermot L. Shortall (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. William Hickey (Hon. Whip), Mr. H. White, Miss Eleanor Costelloe, Miss Bartholomew and Mr. Nicholas O'Dwyer



**MR. DUDLEY FORWOOD AND THE BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD (NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS)**



**MISS JOSEPHINE COLEBROOK AND MR. H. J. COLEBROOK (JOINT-MASTERS, NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS)**



*Holloway*  
**WITH THE PYTCHLEY: PRINCE DE CHIMAY, MRS. GRAY HORTON, PRINCESS DE CHIMAY, CAPTAIN GRAY HORTON AND SIR WESTROW HULSE**

Two of these pictures were taken on the morning after the night before—hunt ball is the missing word, but we give no indication as to which. The South Co. Dublin Harriers were at Lucan Spa, and they have the honour of being patronised by ex-President Cosgrave, who also goes with the Ward quite often. Dr. Laurence Flanagan (see picture) is a first cousin of Mrs. de Valera and is joint-Master with Mr. Peter Dunn. The country they cross is no "baby." Baroness de Rothschild was afoot with the New Forest Buckhounds, but both her daughters were more actively engaged. The new joint-Masters took on at the beginning of this season and are making an excellent job of it. The coat is forest green with a light green velvet collar—very attractive. The distinguished Pytchley group was snapped at Cottesbrooke



THE BEDALE HUNT PANTOMIME

The comedy team in the thrilling political drama of *Dick Whittington*, written by Captain Eddy Compton, who also gave an impressive rendering of the part of Idle Jack. The producer was Mr. Roxburgh Kelso, a great adept. Left to right, above: a gent. unknown, Captain Stirling Stuart (the Cook) and Captain Eddy Compton

MACAULAY'S Essay (at Sandown) came at a moment when our most potent grave and reverend signiors were busy on another essay some miles away. Macaulay won easily. He is by Bolingbroke, but we ought not to let that prejudice us if we are at Aintree on March 24. Bolingbroke, whatever else he may not have been, was what is vulgarly called a "go-getter." It is rather a pity that there is no horse named Bacon engaged in the National. This *vis-à-vis* an essay upon "Great Place."

More enlightenment about ourselves! A Berlin crepuscular journal says in the course of a general instruction upon what we wretched English consider "shocking"—



HERE'S TO US! AT THE MEATH HUNT BALL

A spate of Masters and ex-Masters at Mrs. C. S. Bird's house, Bective, and, at the back, giving them the toast, Mr. Justice Wylie (Ward Union). Others: (l. to r.; in front) Mr. Dermot Doynne, M.F.H. (Coollattin), Captain Charles Winter (ex-Westmeath), Captain Harry Fowler (ex-Meath), Mrs. Nancy Connell, M.F.H. (Meath), Mrs. Dermot Doynne and Sir Walter Nugent

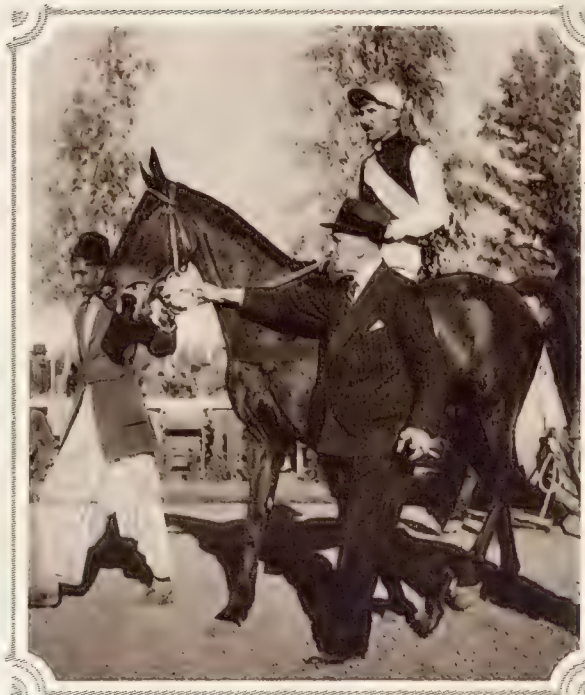
## Pictures in the Fire

"You cannot take salt yourself: it must be offered to you. But if you do take it yourself at table you must first offer it to your neighbour."

"Also, never use your knife for taking salt. Such a sight makes a native Briton shudder. But you may cut your potatoes with a knife."

"If you put your soup spoon into your mouth point first, it is a sign of bad upbringing, and therefore shocking."

But they have forgotten about asparagus. We think it most "shocking" if you do not put your foot on it and then tear it with your teeth. It is not quite correct to say that we think it "shocking" to see (and hear) people "enjoying" their food: all that we ask is that they should not growl over it. In justice to ourselves, it must further be said that we are cosmopolitan enough not to mind the table-napkin (or serviette) being used as a bib. In these penurious times we cannot afford to splash our shirt-fronts.



A WINNER AT LAHORE

Major O'Hara's Captain Hardy (Captain R. C. Symonds up) being led in by the trainer, Mr. F. H. Draper, after winning the New Year 'Chase

Hunting casualties amongst the Fair who are also so extremely brave have been unhappily numerous this season. First Lady Daresbury's smashing fall, from which she has made a miraculous recovery; then Lady Rosebery; now the Duchess of Norfolk, not quite so bad; Lady Ravensdale; and next, Mrs. J. P. Whiteley—much more serious: a broken leg—done by her horse slipping up on frosty ground. It is not good to learn that Lady Rosebery's fall was far worse than was at first made known. One of the bones of her foot was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated at once. It is probable that the foot was crushed between a stone



Truman Howell

THE SOUTH PEMBROKESHIRE BALL DURING THE TENBY HUNT WEEK

This was one of the many gay moments during the recent week of festivities when everyone turned him and herself loose to have a good time. Sir Thomas Meyrick has had the South Pembrokeshire since 1935. The names in the above picture are: Around the table (l. to r.): Mr. H. L. Lang-Coath, M.F.H. (Llandeibie and Penllergaer), Mrs. J. W. Buckley, Miss Fair, Miss Auriol Allen, Count Juan Salazar, Mr. John Buckley, Mr. A. Daniel, Major Weigall, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. G. Sackville-Owen, Captain J. W. Buckley, Mrs. Hugh Higgon and Mrs. Daniel

By "SABREACHE"



ANOTHER LAHORE WINNER

Nawab Sir Mehar Shah's Sari (Captain I. A. David up), winner of the Hotels Cup at that cheery show, the Lahore Christmas Meeting

pleasure to gaze when they are on a horse. I cannot help thinking that it must have been a real pleasure to the ex-M.F.H. to collect these amazing snapshots of some of those who have wash-ball and very indifferent seats in the oft-times elusive pigskin—and he has got them, with a charming impartiality, from all over the world. If the camera was not known to have a taste exact for faultless fact that amounts to a disease, it would be well-nigh impossible to believe some of the pictures you will see in this book, if you are sensible enough to buy it: toe-dancing, high-kicking, hands up to, and beyond, the ears, almost every conceivable atrocity in equestration of which you can think—you will see them all. But there is more to it than this: admirable articles by the author (Ted Lyon) on Hunting, about which he knows so much; the Circus, by our poor old friend Bertram Mills, whom we all miss so much; Rodeos, or buck-jumping contests, by the other author, Captain

and the horse's shoulder when he rolled over. The obstacle which caused the trouble was a bigish place—a high bull-finch with a deep ditch beyond into a lane. The surgeons, I hear, have made a good job of things, but I am afraid this smash will put Lady Rosebery out of action for some time—which is a pity, for few go better or bolder.

A most astounding collection of pictures of horses, and the people who endeavour to sit on their backs, is included in the very attractive book "The World of Horses," by Major W. E. Lyon and Captain G. H. S. Dixon (*Country Life, Ltd.*), which has been given me most kindly by the senior author, Ted Lyon, a former Master of the Atherstone, author of another most excellent and very useful book, "First Aid Hints for Horse Owners," and, lastly, one of those people at whom it is a



MORE BEDALE PANTOMIMERS

For further information see preceding page, and in this picture meet Dick Whittington (Miss Sybil Rishworth), the Captain of the good ship "Civet" (Mr. Robin Compton), and the Fairy Queen (Mrs. Eddy Compton)

G. H. S. Dixon; and Show-jumping by that expert 7th Hussar Captain J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby. These are the plums. And there is something else: an introduction by Ted Lyon on the beginnings of the thing we call the horse, which interests me personally a very great deal. Here is a short extract—

A friend of mine, who has made a study of the evolution of the horse, has discovered that the Phenacodus was only about three hands high, and was "long and low and capable of slow movement only," and the only animal to which it bears any resemblance in make and shape to-day is the tapir, which can be seen in the Zoo. Without going into detail, we can pass through the various stages of the evolution of the horse, which include the Hyracotherium, the Meshippus, the Anchitherium, and the Hipparion of the Pliocene Age, which period of the evolution of the horse must be as familiar to the reader as to me (it could hardly be less!). We find as far back as 2000 B.C. that in Greece, Rome, Egypt,

(Continued on page viii)



Truman Howell

SOME MORE OF THE TENBY HUNT WEEK

On the left, Count Juan Salazar and Miss Osra Linton, who is a daughter of Colonel F. H. Linton, who used to command the Welch Regiment; and on right (L. to r.) Miss Auriol Allen, Mr. R. Howell, Sir Thomas Meyrick, Bt., M.F.H., and a gentleman with his back to the camera who is chairman of a neighbouring hunt (Mr. Kenneth Walker, the Pembroke Hunt). Sir Thomas was responsible for the "Request." Miss Allen is the daughter of the late Captain Hugh Allen, a former Master of the Pembroke



A. Smith

FRONT-RANKERS AT THE MIDDLETON (EAST) HUNT BALL

In this group of thrusters, all ready to go like scalded cats, are Lord Hope-toun, son and heir of the Viceroy of India, Lord Linlithgow; Mr. Adrian Scrope, the Hon. Charles Wood, M.F.H. (joint-Middleton), and Mr. P. Harker. The Ball was held at the Spa Royal Hotel, Bridlington, and went uncommonly well from find to finish



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



### AN EXTRAORDINARY FRIENDSHIP—

Two more unlikely friends than a zebra finch and a white mouse it would be difficult to imagine, but it has happened at a bird-shop in Melbourne, Australia. Above, Mrs. Finch is seen very much at home—and not expecting any visitors. But she went out for a stroll . . .



"ONE MUST GO OUT!"

### —BETWEEN A FINCH AND A WHITE MOUSE

. . . And while she was out, there arrived a caller, Mr. Whitemouse, who liked the look of the little house so much that he thought he would take a chance. When the owner came back, she, in her turn, liked the look of the caller so much that she let him stay—hence this romance!

**I**N a club where theatrical people gather, a group of members were listening to an actor who had recently scored a great success. He had been knocking about for fifteen years without managing to get anywhere, when suddenly he found the part to suit him, and brought the house down. His head, as a result, had grown to abnormal proportions.

"I'm tremendous," he assured the group, quite seriously. "I'm the most important person on the stage to-day, and the entire nation is conscious of me. Why, only this afternoon a great tobacco concern called on me and named a cigar after me."

"Marvellous!" yawned one of the group. "And, for their sake, I certainly hope it will draw better than you did for fifteen years!"

**M**rs. Brown had gone away, and the following morning her neighbour received a letter from her:

"Dear Mrs. Jones—I'm so awfully sorry to trouble you, but I've come away without putting anything out for the cat. Would you put something out for it, please? It will eat anything, but don't put yourself out."

**I**N a certain shop they have a book in which a record is kept of the exact reason why any customer leaves without making a purchase.

One day a woman customer took up a good deal of time looking at black dresses, and then left without buying anything.

The assistant, a new hand, solemnly took the book and entered up: "Customer only looking at black dresses, not buying. Husband not dead yet."

**T**wo teams were contesting an important match. Play was extremely vigorous, and the enthusiasm was terrific.

Among the home club's violent partisans was a St. John Ambulance man. He got into a heated argument with a supporter of the visiting team, and so far forgot himself as to shake his fist in the other's face.

Immediately there came a voice from the crowd: "Oi, there, you mustn't do that. You're here to pick 'em up, not to knock 'em down!"



"A VERY NICE LITTLE CRIB!"



"OH, PLEASE, DON'T GO!" SAID  
THE LADY—SO HE STAYED



**A** certain man was very fond of golf and of a little refreshment after the game. He arrived home very late one night, and was met by his wife on the stairs.

"Well," she asked angrily, "and what excuse have you got to offer for coming home at this hour of the night?"

"It was like this, my dear," replied the reveller, "I was playing golf with some friends and—"

"Playing golf!" she snapped, in disgust; "do you dare to tell me you can play golf in the dark?"

"Oh, yes; that's easy, my dear," he replied. "You see, we were using night clubs."

**A** cantankerous old lady was very ill—so ill, in fact, that the local doctor called in a big specialist from London. The lady was very anxious to know what was the matter with her, so she asked her equally unpleasant sister to go down into the lounge and hide behind the screen in order to overhear the conversation between the medical men.

In due course the doctors left the sick room and repaired to the lounge. The local doctor remarked: "Well, Sir Thomas, what do you think of my patient?"

"She is the ugliest old hag I have ever seen," replied Sir Thomas.

"Ah," said the local man, "you should just see her sister."

**A** man, visiting a house for the first time, found that his host was the proud father of three wild children. The offspring made so much noise that the visitor found it difficult to hear a word that was said.

One child was busy ripping the upholstery out of a brand-new divan. A second lad was driving nails into an expensive table, and the third "limb" was swinging gaily from a chandelier.

The bewildered guest eyed the youngster who was driving nails into the furniture. He turned to his host.

"I say," he said, pointing to the boy with the hammer, "don't you find it rather expensive to let your children play like that?"

The host smiled proudly. "Not at all," he replied cheerfully. "I get the nails wholesale!"

## THE MODERN WOMAN—ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



## Complexions 1939

Three letters—C.T.N.—sum up Miss Arden's most important message to modern woman. The skin must be *Cleansed—Toned—Nourished*. First, Cleanse—gently yet thoroughly—with Ardena Cleansing Cream (used regularly night and morning). Next, Tone with Ardena Skin Tonic, which stimulates the skin and improves its colour. Finally, Nourish the tissues, using Ardena Velva Cream or Orange Skin Food. Then your loveliness rests on a secure foundation. ★ ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 4/6 to 22/6 ★ ARDENA SKIN TONIC, 3/6 to 75/- ★ ARDENA VELVA CREAM, 4/6 to 22/6 ★ ORANGE SKIN FOOD, 4/6 to 35/-



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MISS SONIA DENISON, MR. G. HEATHCOAT-AMORY, LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY AND THE HON. PETER WOOD, M.F.H., AT THE MAY FAIR



IN FRONT: MR. M. B. HENDERSON, MISS J. HENDERSON, MR. R. E. WALLACE, MISS A. PALMER, MISS S. SCOTT. BEHIND: MR. DE CHAIR, MISS D. PALMER AND MR. J. E. B. FINLAY



MR. PHILIP PROFUMO, MISS LLOYD THOMAS AND MR. IAN FARQUHAR

In this sizeable group of cheerful young people you will find the hon. secretary of the Christ Church Beagles, Mr. R. E. Wallace, who next season is to hunt the Hawkstone Otterhounds, of which his father, Captain E. G. Wallace, is to be joint-Master. Mr. M. B. de Chair is Master of the Eton Beagles. Miss Diana and Miss Angela Palmer are Sir Anthony Palmer's sisters, and Miss Lloyd Thomas (see left) is a daughter of that outstanding sportsman, the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas

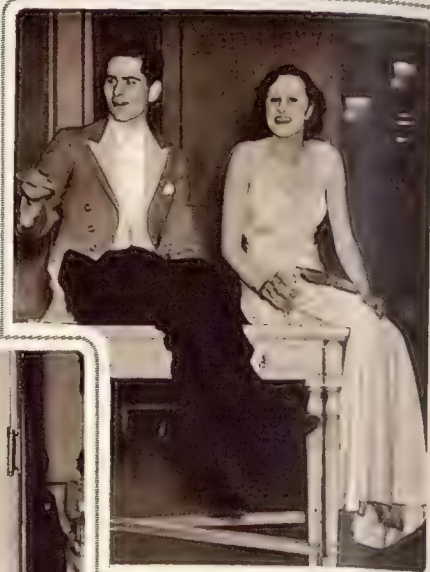
## HUNT COATS IN MAYFAIR

The Christ Church Beagles Ball Comes to London



WITH MR. RICHARD COURAGE: MISS LESLIE LINDSEY

The first appearance in London of the Christ Church Beagles Hunt Ball (at the May Fair on January 12) was a highly successful one. Mr. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, who comes of notable West Country hunting stock, took over the Mastership last season. He is in the top left-hand picture, which also features a former Master, the Hon. Peter Wood, now joint-Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds, whose first experience of carrying a horn was with the Eton Beagles, 1933-34



MR. PETER PARKER AND MISS D. HUGHES-GIBB



MISS FRANCES McCLEAN AND MR. OLIVER BEVAN



LORD RONALDSHAY, MR. PETER STURGIS AND LADY RONALDSHAY

Lord Ronaldshay, elder son of the Secretary of State for India, brought his charming wife, the former Miss Penelope Pike, to the Christ Church Beagles Ball at the May Fair, and both danced with great zest. Now turn top right for the Master of the New College and Magdalen Beagles, Mr. Peter Parker; he is a son of the Hon. Henry Parker, and belongs to a renowned sporting clan. Mr. Richard Courage also, has hunting in his blood, and enjoys himself madly at week-ends with the Bicester or Grafton. He is the younger son of Mr. Raymond Courage of Edgcote, and brother of attractive Miss Biddy Courage whose engagement to Mr. Bobbie Archer-Shee, 10th Hussars, was announced at the beginning of this month

*"I love Ovaltine...  
I take it regularly"*  
*writes beautiful*  
**POLLY WARD**

**M**ISS POLLY WARD is a firm believer in 'Ovaltine.' She writes:—

*"I love 'Ovaltine.' Not only is it simply delicious; it is nourishing and sustaining. I always know that no matter how tired I may feel, a cup of 'Ovaltine' before retiring will ensure a long, healthy and refreshing sleep. I take it regularly."*

*Polly Ward*

Few professions demand a higher standard of health and vitality than that of the stage. And it is significant that so many of the 'stars' of the theatre and the screen have paid tribute to 'Ovaltine.'

You, too, will find that a cup of this delicious beverage just as you are ready for bed is the surest way of bringing deep, refreshing sleep. And while you sleep, the health-giving goodness of 'Ovaltine' restores splendid energy and builds up new strength and vigour for the coming day.

Drink a cup of 'Ovaltine' to-night—and every night—and note the difference!

*Drink delicious*

**OVALTINE**

*The World's Best Nightcap*



*Prices in  
Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.*

# CHARITY

By CLIVE WOLLASTON

EVERYONE in the Hotel Belle Vue took a warm interest in Mr. and Mrs. Page: the husband so irritable and obviously near to death; the wife so youthful and devoted. Not the least sympathetic was David Bramley, whose goodwill rapidly took the form of wishing to pillow Mrs. Page's golden curls on his shoulder, the while he held her hands and murmured gentle words of encouragement. After all, when one worked hard in a London bank for forty-nine weeks of the year, one was entitled to some little adventure on holiday. And Switzerland was not like England. . . .

To his delight and secret surprise, he found Mrs. Page even more starved for sympathy and understanding than he had hoped. The moon was shining brightly across Lake Geneva as they kissed for the first time.

She looked very lovely in that soft light, and David felt that one picture of her he would carry away and keep for ever was that of her warm slenderness silhouetted against the balustrade of the hotel garden.

"You're so wonderful, Charity," he breathed. "Your name so exactly suits you."

Charity shook her head and nestled closer.

"But you are—everyone in the hotel talks about how devoted you are: no nurse ever worked as hard as you do. Why, the old Colonel has actually revised his ideas about the worthlessness of the young generation since you've been here."

She raised her ingenuous blue eyes to his and, when she spoke, her voice was small and husky.

"I'm no paragon of virtue, David. . . . How could I do less? After all, I married him for better or worse, and I'm not going to grumble if, so far, it has mostly turned out worse."

"Is he . . . going to get better?"

Charity shivered in his arms and, despite more urgent emotions, David found time to wonder what freak of fate had chained this vital girl to such an irritable wreck of a man as John Page.

"I think so," she whispered. "He *must*. You see—I've had no one to tell my troubles to—he has been ill so long that we're absolutely broke. When the doctor said this climate might cure him I scraped the last of our money together to bring him here."

David smiled down at her protectingly.

"From now on, my darling, you have got someone to share your troubles with. I think your pluck is marvellous—not many girls in these days would make such sacrifices."

From that night David's hitherto rather prosaic holiday became a dream of delight; a dream from which he knew there must soon be an awakening: but for the first time in his life he had forgotten caution and his carefully-planned future.

Every moment Charity could spare from attending to the invalid she spent with David; and every evening, after she had seen her husband settled in bed, they met outside the hotel. And if, in occasional moments of sanity, David wondered whether any of the other guests suspected their secret, he reassured himself with the thought that while inside the hotel Charity always treated him as a mere acquaintance.

Charity was out with him on the night the burglars cleaned out the hotel: he had taken her on a steamer trip across the lake and they returned to find the whole place in an uproar. The bedrooms had been systematically cleared of jewellery and loose cash, and the door of the hotel safe swung derisively open. The night had been chosen with cunning care, since the majority of the guests had been attending a gala ball at a neighbouring hotel.

As soon as he had gained an idea of what had happened, David ran upstairs after Charity. He found her bending over John Page, who lay unconscious in their disordered bedroom.

"Sandbagged," the hastily-summoned doctor diagnosed. "He'll be right enough in the morning, except for a headache. Unfortunate—most unfortunate—in view of his general state of health."

Immediately the doctor had gone, Charity ran to the wardrobe, took out a dressing-case and searched frantically through its contents. The face she turned to David was white and haggard. "Our money—they found it!" she exclaimed miserably. "I should have banked it . . . but I didn't know how."

David was astounded: his methodical, business-like mind found it difficult to believe that even a woman would keep money in an hotel bedroom.

"You mean the money to pay for your stay here?"

"Every penny, David." Tears were standing in her



IN "DESIGN FOR LIVING"

Angus McBean

Mr. Rex Harrison, Miss Diana Wynyard and Mr. Anton Walbrook, the three leads in Noel Coward's long-awaited play which, after an opening at Brighton on January 16, comes to the Haymarket to-day, January 25. The three parts these talented people play were originally created in New York by Noel Coward himself, Miss Lynne Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt



## Evening Beauty by Bear Brand

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They enable you to indulge your love of the beautiful at a very moderate charge—from 3/11 to 6/11 to be precise.

**Bear Brand**  
CREPE LUXURY STOCKINGS

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## CHARITY—(Continued from page 174)

blue eyes. "We shall have to leave here at once . . . just when I thought he was improving."

Then, as a fresh thought occurred to her, she collapsed sobbing on to the bed.

"Why . . . we can't even pay the bill here!"

"But that can be managed——" David began.

"No, *please*, dear, don't offer to do that for me. I'll manage to raise the money at home somehow and post it on. Oh . . . but we can't go home! We haven't even the money to pay the fare!"

Sobbing, reluctantly she finally accepted money to pay their fare home. Realising that it was getting late, David at last left the room: it was indeed a cruel stroke of fate that he should be parted from her now.

Downstairs he found excited guests still discussing the burglary and endeavouring to supply the police with details of their losses. It seemed that the haul of jewellery had been a considerable one, and the police were confident that the crime was the work of a local gang which had pulled off several similar coups.

David was never sure afterwards whether it was to the Reverend Erasmus Ramsden or to the elderly Miss Pewtress that he confided the details of the position in which Mr. and

"My child, you must take it. Think of what it may mean to that poor dear sufferer upstairs if you can stay on here a little longer. Accept it as it is offered, in the hope that it may be the means of his restoration to abundant health."

Charity stood biting her quivering lips, her eyes misted with tears.

"Very well," she whispered; "for him. I—I can't thank you, but perhaps if he stays here it *will* save him. I——"

Her shoulders shaking, she ran hastily from the room, and, wrapped in a warm glow of self-satisfaction, everyone agreed that the Reverend Erasmus had performed his difficult task with truly delightful tact.

Much as he longed to follow and comfort her, David dare not make too sudden an exit from the drawing-room. But now, at least, he would have Charity with him for the remainder of his holiday, and then, when she returned to London, who knew what might happen? He shivered a little as he thought of her golden beauty; in a few hours' time he would hold her again in his arms and kiss her fears away.

But Charity failed to keep her evening appointment beside the lake, and had David, pacing impatiently up and down the gardens, had a pair of night-glasses, he might have recognised the occupants of the motor-boat that sped, without lights, into the dusk towards France.

With his make-up removed and his false teeth in his mouth again, John Page looked quite ordinarily healthy.

"Had the devil's own job sneaking our luggage out of that joint," he commented. "Why didn't you get some usable evidence against that young Bramley?"

Looking back towards the lights of Geneva, Mrs. Page sighed wistfully.

"You fell for him, eh?" her husband asked.

"Never you mind. . . . But I just can't bear to think of what he'll say when he knows."

Mr. Page yawned loudly. "We'll be in France in an hour if this guy is as good at dodging Customs boats as he says he is. And next time don't hit me so hard with that infernal sandbag. Still, it wasn't such a bad little town—cash from the burglary, four hundred; the collection, seventy-five; Bramley gave you twenty, and I reckon the jewellery should fetch five hundred. Say a thousand in all, and a month's free keep."



MRS. FRANCIS WITH THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS

An excellent picture taken the day these hounds met at Fonthill, the abode of the Master, Mr. J. G. Morrison; and Mrs. Francis, the charming châtelaine of Sedgemoor, is riding the kind of steed about which we sometimes dream—if lucky!

Mrs. Page had been placed: but by breakfast-time everyone in the hotel knew of their predicament.

Certainly it was not David, but the Reverend Erasmus who first suggested a collection for them, and, having once set his hand to the plough, the clergyman was not one to stand idly hoping for miracles to happen. The hotel, fortunately, was full, and he threw himself into the Pages' cause with such wholehearted zeal that, in the drawing-room after lunch, he was able to present Charity with seventy-five pounds.

She looked very young and lovely standing in the centre of the room, listening in white, strained silence to the Reverend Erasmus's prolix speech. David watched her with longing: knowing suddenly that he hated Mr. John Page with his white face and evil tempers. It was a sin for such a girl to be tied to such a man, and bank regulations or no bank regulations . . .

The Reverend Erasmus had forced the money into Charity's hands.

"I never knew," she faltered, "that there were such kind people . . . perhaps I've met all the wrong sort before. Thank you all again and again . . . but I can't possibly accept it."

The clergyman beamed at her and patted her hands, while her eyes flickered unhappily round the room seeking David.



WITH THE SILVERTON AT THE SANCTUARY, THORVERTON

The Master (and huntsman), Sir Dermot Cusack-Smith, passing the time of day with Mrs. Fish and her daughter Anne. At this meet there was a cap as a little present to Jack Davie, first whip and kennel huntsman to these hounds, for good services rendered



Miss Anne Paget, photographed by Norman Parkinson

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**THE BANK OF ENGLAND XV. WHO DREW WITH THE OLD HABERDASHERS A SHORT TIME AGO**

From the spectators' point of view this was an excellent match, as there was practically nothing to choose between the two teams, as is borne out by the drawn score; three points apiece

Names (l. to r.) (back row): N. A. Hudson (hon. sec.), G. W. Maughan, E. G. Baldwin, J. F. Prince, R. C. Hallett, E. R. F. Seymour, J. P. Gore, E. C. R. Hopkins (L.S.R.F.U.R.); (seated) R. B. A. Smith, R. A. Finnis, R. C. McCann, R. A. Hope (captain), H. L. Chadder, E. J. L. Poole, A. R. Millard; (on ground) D. E. R. Scarr, R. H. Barkshire

DEAR TATLER—

THE result of the final Scottish Trial, Scotland v. The Rest, played at Murrayfield, must have come as something of a shock to the Scottish selectors, in much the same way as did the England v. The Rest Trial, on the Saturday previous, to Messrs. John Daniell and company. The Scottish selectors, however, refused to be in any way panic-stricken, and made comparatively few changes when they came to choose the Scottish representative side. It is possible that England paid too much attention to the result of the mud-lark at Twickenham, but that we shall be able to consider more fully when the England v. Wales match is over. At the moment of writing, we are still awaiting the result, and, be it said, with no very great amount of confidence. It must be remembered that there were several absentees from the selected sides at Murrayfield, and the Scottish selectors probably exercised a wise judgment when they kept most of these in the side.

The actual result of the game did not matter very much, since there were a good many changes at half-time. In the side chosen to meet Wales, there were very few, if any, real surprises. G. Roberts keeps his place at full-back, as was generally expected, although there was precious little to choose between him and his opposite number, C. F. Grieve. R. C. Dick's retirement from first-class football, which is, we hope, only temporary, caused J. G. S. Forrest to be brought into the centre as a partner to D. J. Macrae, the Cantab thus returning to his more accustomed place, and the two of them should form a really formidable pair. Last year's halves retain their positions, although T. F. Dorward did not play in the final trial. He is said to have improved considerably since last season, and particularly to have developed a longer and a stronger pass. On the other hand, his partner, R. W. Shaw, has been diligently reported this season as having lost some of his form, but such a great player is bound to be very dangerous, and we shall wait to see what Wales says about him before we believe in these adverse reports. There is plenty of pace in this back division, and the triangle is likely to be the most formidable in the four countries.

There is a completely new front row in the scrummage, with R. W. Sampson, of London Scottish, as hooker. This was not unexpected, since the Scottish pack was not particularly satisfactory last season. The other five are all tried and sturdy performers, and four of them come from English clubs, P. L. Duff, of the Glasgow Academicals, being

## A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

the only one regularly playing in Scottish football. It is worth noting that G. H. Gallie is an instance of football heredity, for less than twenty years ago his father was for two seasons a regular member of the Scottish pack. Curiously enough, though he has been chosen as a member of the front row, he usually occupies a position in the back row for his club. Another noteworthy point is the choice at long last of W. Purdie, of Jed Forest, who has been playing first-class football for ten years or so, and has figured in many trials before now.



Photos: Crisp

**THE OLD HABERDASHERS XV. WHO MET THE BANK OF ENGLAND AT ROEHAMPTON**

During the course of the match, some very excellent passing by this team was witnessed

Names (l. to r.) (back row): K. Blessley, A. S. Wilshire, J. Brassington, W. S. M. Gurney, A. R. Waring, S. Neugass; (seated) L. F. Brown, D. H. Gooch, H. J. Tierney, M. J. Jackson (captain), J. H. Thorpe, S. E. Gaywood, L. Goldfield; (on ground) A. R. Blunsden, N. R. Parker

The Welsh selectors must have had something of a shock when they received the news, just before they met to choose the side against England, that A. Bassett, formerly of Aberavon, and later of Cardiff, had decided to throw in his lot with Halifax in the Rugby League. This is one of the most important captures that the Northern professional game has made for some time, for Bassett is a fine player, who has made for himself a great reputation on the wing, and has represented Wales on six occasions. He is one of the many policemen who figure in first-class football in Wales, and he is not in the least to be blamed for capitalising his skill at Rugby. The Northern authorities have made a better bargain than they have on many previous occasions, for Bassett should have plenty of football left in him, and should be an asset to his side for several seasons to come. Cardiff and Wales will both miss his prowess on the wing, but nearly everybody will wish him good luck in his new venture. There used to be a keen prejudice against players who changed to the Northern Union, but that is rather out-of-date nowadays, and it is generally recognised that a man has a right to do what may be the best thing for himself.

Despite one or two replays, the County Championship competition is well ahead of time, and we now know that the divisional champions are Somerset and Hampshire, together with Cheshire and Warwickshire. In due course, the winners of these two pairs will meet in the final, which this season will be played in the South. As we have pointed out before, this arrangement is very far from being desirable, for there can be no doubt whatever that the final of the Championship should be played at Twickenham. It is only fair that neither side should have the advantage of choice of ground in so important a game, and there is no particular reason to be urged against the use of headquarters.

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THE AIR GOES TO SEE  
"IT'S IN THE AIR"

Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril and Lady Newall were prominent amongst the numerous air celebrities plus about 500 Air Ministry officials who went to the first night of the highly amusing George Formby film at the New Gallery Cinema last week. Sir Cyril Newall is Chief of the Air Staff

#### Going Up.

**C**ABBAGE-PATCH landings and takings-off are to civil aviators what sables and the Savoy are to right-minded stenographers. They represent an ideal towards which all efforts should be directed. Aviation will never be anything but a morbid parasite on civilisation, a vinegary old hag, until it can be made suitable for private use, until it can be turned into an attractive nymph courted for its own sake; and the first step in the beauty treatment is the ability to operate from a cabbage-patch and the elimination of the need for a series of Saharas as landing-grounds. It is because of this that I have always kept a close watch on rotating-wing aircraft, ever since I had my first talk with that genius among inventors, the late Señor Don Juan de la Cierva, a great many years ago. For rotating-wing aircraft, though they may never show the same performance in speed and climb as fixed-wing machines, do enable spot take-offs and landings to be made.

The other day, when I happened to call at Hanworth Aerodrome, I chanced to see Mr. R. A. C. Brie making some of these spot take-offs and landings with the first of the five "jumping" Autogyros ordered by the Air Ministry. The new machine is much more attractive to look at than the old, but what struck me most, and what I emphasised the following evening in a short talk on the wireless, was that the controls have been so greatly simplified. Vacuum control is now used for all the operations at the jump take-off and for the braking of the rotor after the landing. The consequence is that the pilot who is making a jump take-off, after he has spun the rotor blades to the correct rate, merely turns a tap to cause the machine to leap vertically from the ground. He does not have to do anything else.

#### Other Types.

I do not forget that there are other types of rotating-wing machine besides the Autogyro. In fact, I know of certain moves now being made which may lead to interesting developments with one of these other types; but Mr. Brie is such an enthusiast and is so expert in the handling of the Autogyro that almost he persuades me to become an autogyrist every time I see him! His latest theory is that something should be done in this country on the scale of the recent American two-million dollar move to

## AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

institute a gyroplane, short-distance mail service to the centre of some city.

It does seem that we tend to fail to make use of the inventions we develop. The Mayo composite aircraft, for instance, was invented and developed entirely in this country. Yet, when it did everything it set out to do with triumphant success, we started playing about with other devices for increasing range—devices about which other countries already know as much as we do—instead of putting the composite aircraft to work for us. Similarly, I feel that our present knowledge of rotating-wing aircraft is so far advanced, relative to that existing anywhere else, that we ought to try to make use of it. Why go to the Focke helicopter when there's a jumping gyro at home?

#### Registration Board.

**I**n appointing Captain Hubert Broad to do their test flying for the certificate of airworthiness of all types of aircraft under 12,000 lb., the Air Registration Board has made a wise move. Captain Broad is one of the very few really experienced test pilots in the country, and he has recently set up with Major Mealing as a consultant. Not many people—least of all the big aircraft manufacturing firms—seem to have any conception of the qualities which go to make a good test pilot. They incline to appoint for the task youths who have just left the Royal Air Force and who know nothing whatever about it. Not only is long experience needed in order that a test pilot shall be worth anything, but experience of large numbers of different types. Then he must also learn the test routine, and acquire the ability to write perfectly smooth lines on the barograph during climbs and speeds—one thing which alone takes a year of intensive work to learn; and, above all, he must have the critical faculty and be able to express his views clearly.

Experience, experience, experience—that is the chief asset for the test pilot. With it and the other qualities he can create a big aircraft company. In fact, the successful companies always have owed their success to a good test pilot more than to any other single person. I believe that Captain Broad's plan of launching out on testing, with Major Mealing on the aerodrome advisory work (on which he is the leading authority), is an extremely good one.

(Continued on page ii)



ALSO SIR KINGSLEY AND LADY WOOD WITH  
MR. MARK OSTRER

The Air Minister, who has a keen sense of humour, greatly enjoyed the various leg-hauls directed against himself in this new film, *It's In the Air*, with George Formby absolutely at the top of his form



MORE AIR CELEBRITIES

Also at *It's In the Air*, a rattling good film and really funny, were seen Captain Wilcockson, the famous Atlantic pilot, Mrs. Olley and Mrs. Wilcockson, and that other renowned pilot, Captain Olley

# This England . . .



*From Birdlip, Gloucester*

THE masters of old who cast the greatest spell in words shewed the most indifference to the spelling of words. To say that "this and this only is correct, by law and lexicon" would have been dismissed by Shakespeare (Shakespeare, Shakespere?) as a fussy hindrance to the freedom of his art. What boots it how a word be spelt, if thought be clear and its own music sweet? But now that the matter is ordered—and public spelling bees make us righteous in knowledge when another fails—let us not mistake good spelling for much wit. 'Tis the content and right usage of a word that give richness to the English tongue—just as the mellow content of your Worthington rather than its shiny bottle or oaken cask, gives in right usage another richness to the English tongue.





Johnston &amp; Hoffmann

## H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF BENGAL'S CHRISTMAS HOUSE-PARTY

The principal guests of Lord and Lady Brabourne at Government House, Calcutta, for the Christmas week festivities were, as is nowadays customary, H.E. the Viceroy and, in this case, his consort, Lady Linlithgow. Before Calcutta was displaced as the capital of India by Delhi, during the consulate of Lord Hardinge, Viceroys lived at this reproduction of Kedleston, built during Lord Wellesley's time. H.E. the Governor of Madras and Lady Marjorie Erskine were also in this house-party

The names in the above group are: (l. to r.; back) Capt. Mohammad Zaman, Capt. R. B. Patch, Capt. J. W. Chandos-Pole, Capt. Lord Ardee, Capt. R. F. S. Gooch, Capt. J. Chandos-Pole, Capt. A. F. Harper, Mr. P. G. E. Nash, Mr. R. E. Kitchen, Capt. C. R. Budgen, Major H. L. Mostyn-Owen, Capt. P. I. Franks, Mr. A. H. Hartley, Capt. W. A. G. Burns, Capt. P. H. W. Brind, Mr. F. H. G. Bridgman, Capt. G. T. A. Douglas, Risaldar Dost Muhammad Khan; (next row) Major W. E. Maxwell, Miss Hill, Mrs. Franks, Lieut.-Col. C. G. Toogood, Mrs. Opie, Capt. S. J. Cuthbert, Mr. K. Tolson, Capt. M. G. Kerr, Lieut. P. H. J. Southby, Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hugo, Mrs. Maxwell, Mr. L. G. Pinnell, Miss Hamilton, Lieut.-Col. H. H. Elliot, Miss Gwyer, Mrs. Budgen, Lieut.-Com. J. Lawrence; (seated) Mr. F. H. Puckle, the Lady Meriel Brabazon, Mr. J. G. Laithwaite, the Lord John Hope, the Lady Dorcen Hope, H.E. the Governor of Madras (Lord Erskine), the Lady Brabourne, His Excellency the Viceroy, Her Excellency, H.E. the Governor of Bengal, the Lady Marjorie Erskine, the Hon. Sir Maurice Gwyer, the Lady Joan Hope, Rear-Admiral H. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Puckle, Mr. T. G. Rutherford, Mrs. Fitzherbert

## Subterranean.

**E**FFICIENCY in peace and preparedness for war: these are the two interlocked requirements of the moment. Ministers urge them, the public supports them, the Press demands them. If I were asked which of the thousand plans which have so far been advanced for achieving them was the most effective, I would reply: roads and underground garages. It sounds a motor-minded reply. But efficiency and defence are motor-minded. The dictators know it. We must learn it. Instead of the Ministry of Transport bounding down private motor-cars and screaming at them to get off the earth, it ought to provide larger and better roads for them and, by encouraging the building of underground garages, to enable them when they are stationary to get under the earth.

A week ago I advocated the underground garage for about the fiftieth time. I advocate it again now because it looks as if public opinion is swinging towards it. There are some good underground garages already in existence in this country. There is nothing difficult about building them. And we must build them. We must build them not only because, in war, they would provide excellent shelters in bombing raids, but also because, in peace, they would relieve the roads of their burden of standing vehicles.

## Construction.

**O**ur highway authorities can only think destructively. When traffic outgrows the roads, they can only think of restricting the traffic. Yet the right way is to broaden the roads and to extend the parking space. That constructive solution creates more wealth out of transport, instead of destroying it. Now parking is becoming difficult and the

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

reason is that the builders have been as backward as the highway authorities and, when they have erected towering edifices containing thousands of people, have made no provision for the transport vehicles belonging to those people.

The obvious modernistic architectural feature, would be the underground garage. I do not mean only for immense blocks of flats, but also for private houses. A few private houses have them already. There are plans for small underground garages with lifts, so that the problem of finding room for the ramp is overcome. Every house being built, and to be built, ought to have underneath it room for all the private motor-cars which the occupants of that house are likely to own. That is the only true solution to the parking difficulty. But it is a solution which cannot be arrived at in a day. The intermediate stage is the large, underground, communal garage.

## Squares.

**A**t one time London's squares were a joy to the eye and a characteristic feature which demanded preservation. But to-day the little patches of bedraggled lawn and the few

trees are in many places so walled about with immense buildings, that they resemble the tiny tuft of grass which struggles to exist in some slum backyard. Those squares, from being elegant and fresh, are now drab and tattered. Keep the grass there and the trees, if they can be persuaded to live with most of the light shut away from them, by all means. But do not regard the ground, on which they eke out their existence, as holy ground. We must dig under it and establish large underground garages there. Every square in London must have its underground garage.



Peter Lawrence

## GUERNSEY PERSONALITIES ATTEND AN A.R.P. DEMONSTRATION

Guernsey is very much putting its house in order with regard to A.R.P. measures, as may be judged by the large crowd which attended a fire-fighting demonstration on the Island. On the left centre, smoking a pipe, is the Bailiff of Guernsey, Mr. Victor Carey; on his left is Major-General Sir Edward Broadbent, Lieutenant-Governor, whose term of office ends this year, and whose place will be taken by Major-General A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett, O.C. British troops in Shanghai; on his left is Captain de Vic Carey, Mr. Pierre de Putron (President of Guernsey's A.R.P. Committee), and Major N. Blockley

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS LILIAN WOLFF

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Wolff, who is engaged to Mr. Paul A. Beauchemin, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Beauchemin, of Wigmore Street, and Monmouth Beach, New Jersey

marriage will take place from The Residency, Kano, Nigeria, on the 2nd February

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. I. D. M. Liddell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Liddell, Pitlochry, and Tomnagrew, Dunkeld, and Barbara, second daughter of Captain and Mrs. Oscar Dixon, of Kenwick Hall, Louth; Mr. J. Davidson, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. I. A. Davidson, of Laurington, Antrim Road, Belfast and Amy Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. H. M. Cooper, O.B.E., and Mrs. Cooper, of Pine Tree Hill, Camberley; Mr. R. G. Harrison, elder son of Colonel L. K. Harrison, C.B.E., and the late Mrs. Harrison of Springfield House, Leicester, and Ursula, younger daughter of the late Sir E. Charlton de Marie Haggerston, Bt., of Ellingham Hall, and of Florence, Lady Haggerston, of Ellingham,

## Marrying Abroad.

The wedding will shortly take place at Accra, Gold Coast, between Edwin, younger son of the late E. H. Rosbottom and of Mrs. Rosbottom, of Park Road, Bolton, and Lorna Gwenhwyfa, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. P. L. Hughes, of Strathaven, Derby. On the 18th February, Mr. T. H. Birkbeck, The Border Regiment, is marrying Miss Rozanne Metcalfe, at St.

George's Church, Zomba, Nyasaland. Another February wedding abroad is that of Mr. C. K. M. Dundas, son of the late Hon. Kenneth Dundas and of Mrs. Auberon Kennard and Janet Donaldson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Donaldson. The



LADY GOULDING

Whose engagement to Mr. S. J. Adams was recently announced. Lady Goulding is the widow of Sir Lingard Goulding, and her father was the Hon. Mr. Justice Wright. Mr. Adams was recently appointed Chairman of Thos. Cook, the Tourist Agency

Northumberland; Mr. M. S. Balmain, XV/XIX The King's Royal Hussars, youngest son of the late Major and Mrs. J. A. S. Balmain, and Susan Elisabeth, younger daughter of the late General Sir Webb Gillman and Lady Gillman, of the Manor House, Bampton, Oxfordshire; Mr. C. W. T. Kyngdon, Australian Staff Corps, second son of the late Francis Boughton Kyngdon, and Mrs. F. B. Kyngdon, of Borwal, New South Wales,

and Edith Olwen, elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. E. Daniell, D.S.O., The Royal Irish Regiment, and Mrs. E. H. E. Daniell, of Arabia, Fleet; Mr. K. A. G. Crawley, youngest son of Canon and Mrs. Stafford Crawley,

The Cloisters, Windsor Castle, and Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Vickers, Princes Gate, S.W.7. Mr. G. C. Wyndham, only son of Captain and Mrs. J. Wyndham, of Court Place, Batheaston, Somerset, and Anne Dorothy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hodder-Williams, of Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, and Duddings, Dunster; Major R. H. Bower, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bower and Catherine Muriel, youngest daughter of the late Captain H. F. Hotham, and of Mrs. Hotham, Fangfoss Hall, York; Mr. J. D. Marsden, only son of Sir John and Lady Marsden, of Panton Hall, Wragby, Lincolnshire, and Hope, younger daughter of the late G. E. Llewellyn, and of Mrs. Llewellyn; Mr. C. E. S. Barclay, son of the late Sir Colville Barclay, K.C.M.G., and Lady Mansittart, and Yvonne Eleanor Mutch, daughter of Mr. William and Lady Shenton.



MISS VALENTINE RICHMOND

Whose engagement has just been announced to Mr. H. Vester of Hare Court, Temple. Miss Richmond is the daughter of Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K.C.B., and Lady Richmond

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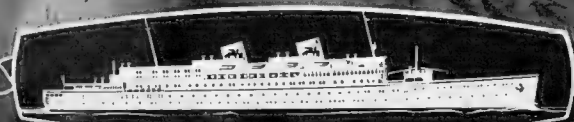
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## Air Eddies (Continued from page 180)

### F.A.I. Cards.

At the beginning of the year the new *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* air tourists' identity cards were available at the Royal Aero Club. These cards are extremely valuable to those who tour abroad; for they cover twenty countries and give the holder free landing and taking off from the civil aerodromes in those countries as well as free housing of their machines up to forty-eight hours. Thus in a few days of Continental touring the really restless aeronaut will find his annual subscription to the Royal Aero Club more than paid back. It is important to note that these cards are issued only to full members of the national aero clubs, not to members of associated clubs. The card itself is a different colour each year and bears the photograph of the holder.

### Gold Rush.

A most curious position arose at the meeting of the *Fédération* the other day when six names came up for judgment as the recipient of the Gold Medal for 1938, the highest award in civil aviation. Howard Hughes tied with the leader of the British long-range flight from Ismailia to Australia. A second vote was taken and again there was a tie. So instead of cutting the medal in two, the Council decided that it could not be awarded this year at all. But the President, Prince Bibesco, came to the rescue and presented two medals, one to Hughes and the other to the British pilot. A most tactful and also a most graceful solution to a difficult problem.

## Petrol Vapour (Continued from page 182)

And underground garages can also be built in other places as well as squares. It is only a matter of going low enough. The chief preliminary to having this work begun is to persuade the authorities that the standing vehicle has as much right to use the road as the moving one. At present, largely because Ministers of Transport, if they use cars at all, use them only with their chauffeurs, the rights of the standing vehicle have been neglected and even denied. There is that oft-repeated but fatuous statement about the value of the piece of ground occupied by a standing motor car in the City of London, a statement which no one with any real grasp of the transport problems involved would ever have permitted himself to make. That kind of warped and ignorant attitude towards the standing vehicle must be abolished. Then the desirability of the underground garage will become plain.

### Tight Tyres.

There was a rumour—I hardly dare mention it—that tyres were getting too good, and that private motor car owners were obtaining from them mileages so great that the manufacture of tyres threatened to become uncommercial. Anyhow it is very satisfactory to know that, rather than reduce the mileage which can be had from each tyre, there is one company at least which is setting out still further to increase it. This is the Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Company. The other day, at a small party at the Savoy, the company introduced its G-100 tyre, which embodies important improvements. It has what is called a compression built tread.

Here is the explanation given me by an official of the company. When you stretch rubber you weaken it and make it possible for a small cut to spread. When you compress rubber it becomes tougher, more resilient, more difficult to cut. Whereas the tread of an ordinary tyre when inflated is under tension and has a tendency to stretch, the tread of the new G-100 when the tyre is inflated is under compression. This is brought about by the high, flat sidewall construction which expands as the G-100 is inflated, compressing the tread.

## ROUND ABOUT NOTES

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week that most successful play, *French Without Tears*, is being presented with the entire company and production from the Criterion Theatre.

Commencing Monday, January 30, *Banana Ridge*, by Ben Travers, will be presented with Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and the company and production from the Strand Theatre.

During weeks commencing February 6 and 13, for two weeks, *Robert's Wife* will be presented with Owen Nares and Edith Evans and the company and production from the Globe Theatre.

\* \* \*

### Coliseum Varieties.

At the Coliseum this week Sir Oswald Stoll has secured, amongst other stars, a new sensation in the person of Marion, to whom the past, present and future are an open book. He performs the most incredible feats—if you want to know about yourself, your problems, the problems of your friends or your family. Not a thought reader, not an illusionist—but an intuitionist. Also in the bill is Florence Desmond; Hatton and Mannings; Cardini, the immaculate card and cigarette conjurer—the greatest act of its kind in the world; Three Jokers in *Running Wild*—one of them is Florence Desmond's brother and another is Will Collinson's son, and The Calgary Brothers—a rhapsody of mirth.

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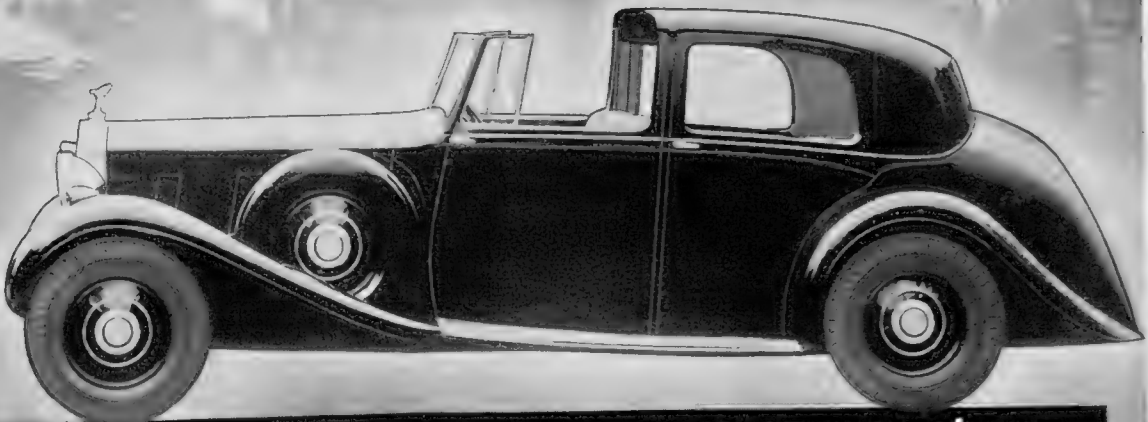
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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



THE advance guard of the spring fashions have arrived at Harrods, Knightsbridge. There can be no two opinions about the matter: they are altogether charming. Evolution rather than revolution reigns supreme. House coats are very important in the loveliest of colourings and materials, while nothing casts a shadow over the vogue for the decorative coatee for day and evening wear

COLOUR is very important in the model millinery, the straws being soft and pliable, while veils are regarded with the greatest favour. The influence of Napoleon's hat is noticeable, and quite the newest version is portrayed above. It is of black picot straw so soft that it fits the head snugly. The bows at either side of the upstanding brim are of ribbon in two fuchsia shades

PETUNIA lustre moire has been chosen for the hat below with its upstanding bow and draped veil. A very important feature is the slightly rolled brim. The bonnet cap at the base of the page is of marine blue baku, delicate cyclamen shades being introduced in the flowers. The veil is in complete harmony



Pictures by Blake

## NEW DESIGNS IN

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A charming design in crêpon with an inset vest finely tucked. In ivory, several pastel shades of blue and pink, almond, primrose and duck-egg. Sizes 13 to 14½ **35/9**  
Size 15, 39/6.

(Post orders executed promptly)



Another design in the popular crêpon, collarless, with novelty buttons. In ivory, several pastel shades of pink and blue, duck-egg, almond and primrose. Sizes 13 to 14½ **33/9**  
Size 15, 37/9.



*Debenham & Freebody*  
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Pictures by Blake

ALTOGETHER delightful is Matita's spring collection, which may now be seen in the salons of the great couturières in our own metropolis and elsewhere. The models are decidedly youthful and wearable. The silhouette is kinder than it has been for many seasons. The jackets are a little shorter and the skirts a trifle wider. Colours suggest spring flowers—there are off-pink and honey shades, in some instances allied with darker tones. Blouses are an integral part of many of the suits and are important because of their detail

IT is to Matita that the credit of the suits above must be given. The model on the left is of grey rib jersey. The coat is reinforced with four patch pockets and buttons in the form of silver kitten bells. The gilet and ends of the belt are of cherry coloured grosgrain. The suit on the right is double breasted and almost classic in character. The waistcoat blouse is of white piqué, the hat covered with flowers to match the boutonnière. An attractive outfit for winter cruising is made in navy woollen, with a high-fastening jacket and action-free skirt

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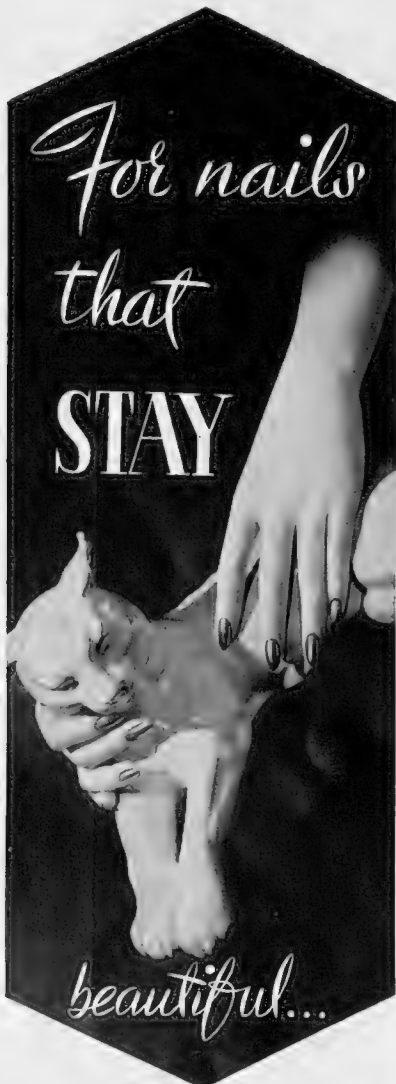
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## Pictures in the Fire (Continued from page 169)

and Asia the horse had assumed the dignity of a domesticated animal, and, judging by the writings of Xenophon, on which are based the present-day principles of horsemanship, the Grecian horse reached a very high state of training.

"To jump to comparatively more modern days, in England we have evidence of horses, in the time of the Roman Conquest, which were no bigger than the New Forest or Welch ponies of today."

Quite humbly I would suggest that there is another early type, a thing called the Chalichotherium. He was described as "something like a horse." It will, no doubt, occur to many that this creature is not extinct. Have you not been told many a time, when on the buy, that the animal at which you are incited to look, or ride, is "something like a horse," and that a better one never looked through a bridle from Tipperary to Tibet? A most admirable book and turned out as *Country Life* would turn it out, which is saying first-class. My felicitations and benedictions.

\* \* \*

A recent Collins' publication is Eric Meade-King's delightful collection of sporting sketches, *The Silent Horn*. Mr. Meade-King, a young pupil of that master of sporting artists, Lionel Edwards, had a



LINDA BROWNE AND MR. POLAR BEAR

The lady is only eight, but Kitzbühel recognizes her as a very expert ski-er. She is the daughter of Mr. Claude H. Browne, a director of the well-known advertising agents T. B. Browne, Ltd., who has a chalet in Kitzbühel, and a grand-daughter of the late Lord Braye. Mrs. Claude Browne has just joined her husband for a fortnight's ski-ing

whose sad end was mayonnaise. This book, is published by Collins, and so is Mary Colville's *Plain Jane*, the story of a Shetland Island pony and a remarkable achievement for a thirteen-year-old. It is quite obvious that here is a born artist, for many of the illustrations are really good—by grown-up standards—and she has never had a drawing lesson in her life! Why, when there is such talent to work on? The book, written as if Blaese, the pony, was the author, tells of foal days in the Shetlands; of rounding up, breaking and sale; of the many children she taught to ride, and of various other ponies and their doings; all true and charmingly described.

\* \* \*

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, need 5s. weekly to make life possible for a respectable old lady of seventy-two. The daughter of a gentleman farmer, she was brought up without any real profession and the best part of her life was spent in working for her three sisters. She nursed them through their last illnesses and is now left alone to face life on her Old Age Pension of 10s. weekly. A decent home means everything to her, and she pays 6s. 6d. weekly for two tiny rooms in a south coast town. She would rather starve than fail in the weekly rent and she can never afford a fire. Please help us to relieve her sufferings, for she is a pathetic old soul.

very successful exhibition not so long ago in London, but this is the first time his work has appeared in book form. These sketches in paddock and kennel, made during what Mr. Meade-King describes as "the idle months which contain no R's," should appeal to all who love horse and hound.

\* \* \*

Even Byron thought it "pleasant sure to see one's name in print," and it must be fine fun for Katharine Harrison-Wallace, aged twelve, and Mary Colville, aged thirteen, to have each contributed an illustrated book to the general stock. Katharine's *Sambo and Susan* has lively coloured pictures on every page—a humorist, this one—and is reproduced in script, just as written. First we meet Sanibo, a pony, and his fickle girl friend Susan, "who always kept her mane in the latest fashion"; then Jim the Huntsman and Mr. and Mrs. Fox and Family, who got the better of him; lastly we read of the disobedient Wye salmon

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MINIATURE POODLE PUPPIES

Property of Mrs. Boyd

to fall back on. One of the things that struck me most at the Paris Show was to see Germans and French discussing their dogs with no thought of animosity or disagreement. I am sure that a mutual interest in a civilized hobby does much to help to the much desired peaceful world.

The French Bulldog is a most attractive dog; they make particularly good companions for people who want a highly intelligent sophisticated dog which is content with ordinary life. A great many of us do not want a dog which hunts. The late Lady Kathleen Pilkington owned one of the most successful kennels of French Bulldogs. She bred several champions and her dogs were always to be reckoned with; also they were treated as friends and therefore humanized. It is sad news that this kennel is to be dispersed by order of her executors. There are nine dogs and bitches, peds and brindles. The head of the kennel is to go: Ch. Danny Boy, winner of many certificates, and sire of good pups; also his litter brother, Chevet Franc, whom Lady Kathleen sold to America and bought back. Franc is a big winner in America, and is obedience trained. There are some well-bred bitches and young dogs. Full information can be obtained from Mrs. Nixey, 73 Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, S.W., and the dogs seen by appointment. This is a chance for

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

A friend has recently sent me a Czecho-Slovakian dog paper, *Kynologie*, published at Prague. Of course I do not know Czecho-Slovakian but it is a well got up paper and has a good photograph of Mrs. Baker's Shetland Sheep dogs. In these troublous and uncertain times it is a pleasant thought that the Czechs have a sane peaceful hobby like dogs

anyone to strengthen their kennel; there are also one or two suitable for pets.

Everyone interested in gun dogs has heard of the fame of the American Chesapeake Bay Retrievers. They have, however, been a long time in being introduced to this country. Lately a few have been seen, and Miss Bell has some puppies for sale. They have a great reputation in their own country



CHESAPEAKE BAY RETRIEVER PUPPIES

Property of Miss Bell



FRENCH BULLDOG

Property of the late Lady Kathleen Pilkington

for intelligence, gameness, hardiness and stamina, being especially good in water. The puppies are four months old, so will be ready to train for next shooting season. They are for sale at a moderate price to make room. As is well known, Miss Bell also owns an outstanding kennel of Deerhounds. There are usually puppies and youngsters of this breed for sale, too. Miss Bell also runs a successful boarding kennel so is a very busy woman. Visitors can always see the dogs by appointment, and as Miss Bell lives at Bray it is an easy drive from London.

The Poodle is renowned for his brain power. He is undoubtedly one of the most intelligent of dogs. This always seems to me exemplified in obedience tests. Some dogs look as if they were doing a lesson they have been taught, the Poodle really enjoys it. Poodles are a very old breed and have been popular for centuries, especially on the Continent. The Poodle is a handsome dog and a specially fine mover. Mrs. Boyd owns one of the best-known kennels in the world, and has bred and shown many winners both on the bench and in obedience tests. She has both Miniatures and ordinary Poodles and has sent many abroad. The photograph is of some Miniature puppies. Visitors are always welcome at these kennels.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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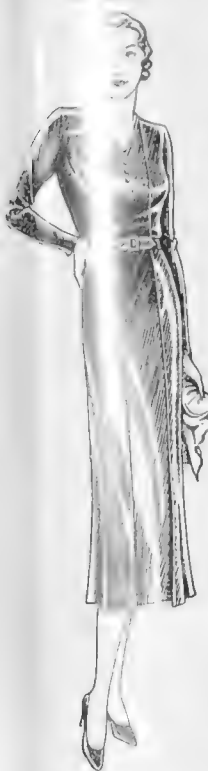
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Liabilities		£
Capital paid up ...	...	15,158,621
Reserve Fund ...	...	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts ...	...	464,249,757
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits ...	...	8,734,236
Engagements ...	...	8,483,612

Assets		£
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England ...	...	53,651,380
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ...	...	17,813,029
Money at Call and Short Notice ...	...	25,089,239
Investments at or under market value ...	...	118,869,021
Bills Discounted:	£	
British Treasury Bills ...	27,035,202	48,498,810
Other Bills ...	21,463,608	
Advances and other Accounts ...	...	209,255,066
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements ...	...	17,217,848
Bank Premises and other Properties ...	...	9,689,274
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. ...	...	937,500
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Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ...	...	1,795,836
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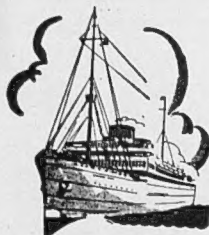
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**Beaulieu-sur-Mer.**—Bet. Nice and Monte-Carlo. Bedford & Savoy Hotels. 1st class. Full South. Sea. Tennis. Garage. Park.

**Beaulieu - s - Mer.**—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excel. cooking. Pens. from 50 frs.

**Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.**—Highest class, quiet, residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

**Cannes.—Cavendish Hotel.**—First class family hotel. All comforts. Full south. Near Casino and beach. Very moderate terms.

**Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.**—Park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge room. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 gns. & £5 weekly.

**Cannes.—Hotel des Iles Britanniques.**—Every comfort. Central. Near Casino and Beach. Sunny Park. Attractive lounge. Mod. terms.

**Cannes.—Hotel Mont-Fleury.**—Large Park. Manager: G. Tamme.

**Cannes.—Hotel "Les Sablons."**—Croisette. Garden. Quiet. Cen. H. Bed. H. & C. 1st. Cl. Cuisine 56/5 wk. incl. board. Service. taxes.

**Cannes.—Hotel Regina.**—First class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

**Cannes.—Hotel Suisse.**—One minute from Croisette. Central and quiet situation. Excell. Cuisine. Swiss management. Kelley & Co.

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**Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.**—On sea; sunny garden, 120 rooms; 80 baths. Incls. weekly terms from £3 15s. Od. (taxes and serv. incl'd.).

**Menton.—Hotel Astoria.**—First class. Centr. Sea front, 200 rooms, 100 baths. 30 flats. Inc. weekly £4 4s. Od. (serv. & tax inc.). Op. all yr.

**Menton.—Orient Hotel.**—150 rooms, 100 baths. Full south. Large garden. Cent. Incl. weekly terms from £4 15s. (taxes and serv. included).

**Menton.—Hotel Regina.**—80 rooms. Cent. facing sea. Large sunny garden. Inclusive weekly terms from £4 (taxes, serv. included).

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**Menton.—Hotel de Venise.**—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beautiful park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on application.

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**Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Royal.**—All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Moderate rates.

**Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.**—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4.0. With priv. bath £5.

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## GERMANY

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## GERMANY—continued

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**Gstaad-Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. All winter spts. Topping band. Terms 13 to 17 frs.

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**Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus.**—1st cl. 200 beds. The lead'g Eng. fam. hot. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

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**Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.**—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout, full pension from Frs. 15.

**St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.**—Host of the Elite. Season till end of March.

**St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.**—1st cl. fam. hotel, quiet cent. pos., lake view. Pens. S. frs. 16.—Att.: The Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

**Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.**—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, bar orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

**Wengen.—The Palace.**—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18.—F. Borter, Proprietor.

**Zermatt.—Hotel Victoria.**—For all Winter Sports. (160 beds). Inc. terms from Frs. 15.

**Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.**—Ideal in winter. Restaurant. Famous Bar. Covered tennis court, golf.



# Wings over the Pacific

by Lady Drummond Hay

“**N**O women, no cats, no dogs. Forty-three men, thousands of rats, hermit crabs, and myriads of birds on a coral island one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, more than thirteen hundred miles from the nearest land. No soil, no water save rain preserved in underground cisterns. Supplies brought by ship twice a year. The only means of arrival and departure by air. But who would want to leave? This is Wake Island, an unspoiled little paradise. If I could, I would buy it. For all my travelling experience, I know only one other retreat I have coveted—that was Mersa Matruh on the coast of the western desert of Egypt before it became commercialised.

\* \* \*

You will not find Wake Island, lying 19° 15' north and 166° 38' 15" east, on any but a specialised map. Discovered in 1796, possessed for the United States in 1898 by General F. V. Greene commanding the Second Detachment Philippine Expedition, it did not exist for the world until the coming of the S.S. *North Haven* in May, 1935, and subsequent colonisation with Pan-American Airways staff and some Chamorro boys from Guam as an overnight stop for their trans-Pacific service. Wake Island is under the jurisdiction of the Navy Department, and in time will become a very useful naval base as a link in the South Pacific chain from Manila to San Francisco, via Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, and Honolulu.

\* \* \*

I had flown the 8,500 miles from London to Singapore in the extraordinarily comfortable Douglas plane *Kwak* of the K.L.M. Dutch Airlines, piloted by the famous Commander Evert van Dijk, who in 1930 flew across the North Atlantic as second

pilot to Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in the three-engine Fokker *Southern Cross*. Upon his return to Holland, Queen Wilhelmina appointed him Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau. He also holds Dutch and French medals for life-saving.

\* \* \*

**D**URING the five days' flight, Commander van Dijk often invited me to sit beside him in the second pilot's seat, and let me familiarise myself with the working and adjustments of the automatic pilot. From this point of vantage I saw the black smoke of Vesuvius volcano undulating like a sable banner against a blood-red dawn; the golden coastline of Egypt; my first glimpse of Basra, the Persian Gulf and Baghdad of the fairy tales. Other unforgettable memories will be night-landing at Jodhpur, circling over the city scintillating like the jewels in the Maharaja's turban; the rich afternoon sun setting aflame the golden Shwe Dagön Pagoda in Rangoon. Some 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit, it dominates the city from an eminence of 168 feet. Before dawn on the last lap, Commander van Dijk called me to the cockpit to see the sun rise on the jungles of Siam, flying low over certain areas where he said the sacred white elephants are found. He told me he sees them sometimes” . . .

*Lady Drummond Hay, the author of this article, herself a fully qualified pilot, and the only woman passenger on that memorable round-the-world trip which the “Graf Zeppelin” accomplished in 1929, tells you of her recent flying experiences and of her journey by flying boat across the Pacific, from Manila to San Francisco. Here is real reading enjoyment, interesting, unusual, exciting. Read it all in the January issue of “Britannia and Eve.”*

*And, of course, there is so much more to read and enjoy in the JANUARY Issue of BRITANNIA and EVE*

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